

THE EXPRESSIVE READERS
READER. FOR FOURTH
& FIFTH YEARS



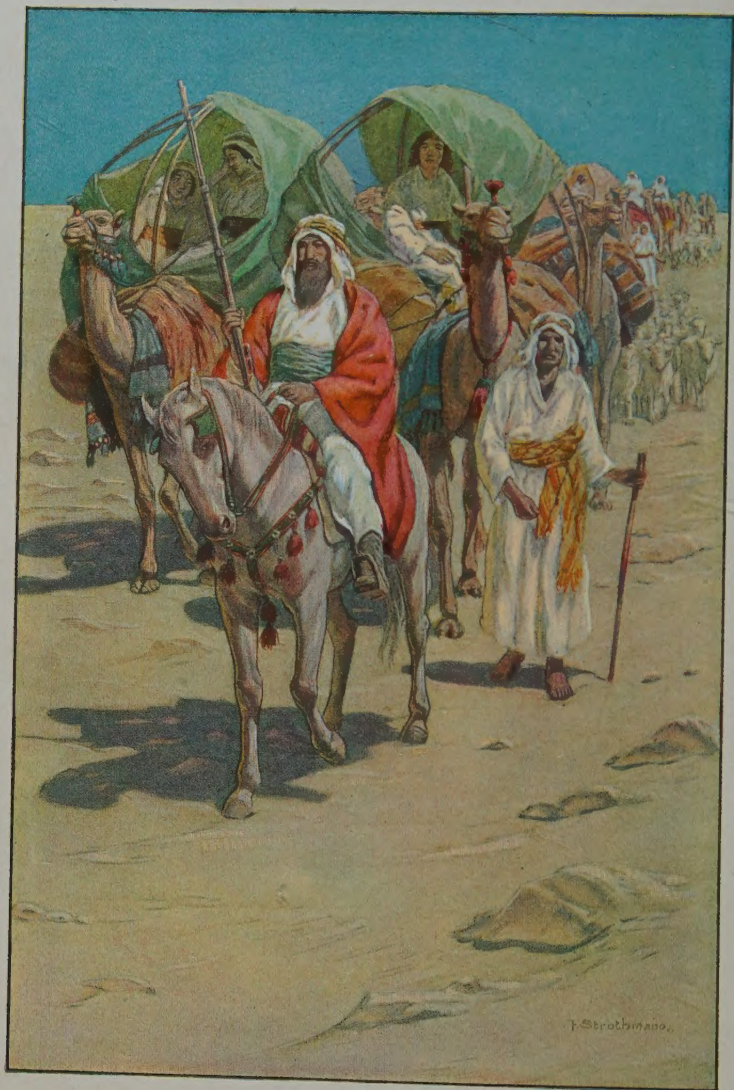
FIVE BOOK
SERIES

BALDWIN
& BENDER



AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

Edna Fryer



The Desert Wanderers

READING WITH EXPRESSION

A READER
FOR
FOURTH AND FIFTH YEARS

BY
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FIVE-BOOK SERIES

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B. & B. FOURTH READER. FIVE-BK. SERIES.

W. P. 2

TO THE TEACHER

THE design of this series of School Readers is to help children to acquire the art and the habit of reading well — that is, of interpreting the printed page in such manner as to give pleasure and instruction to themselves and to those who listen to them. The selections throughout have been chosen with reference both to their literary and educative value and to their fitness for practice in expressive oral reading. All the lessons in this volume are easily within the comprehension of children from ten to fourteen years of age.

The notes under the head of "Expression," which follow many of the lessons, are intended to assist in securing correctness of pronunciation and enunciation, a clear understanding of what is being read, and the intelligible and pleasing oral rendering of the printed page. These notes should be carefully studied by both teacher and pupils.

The phonetic exercises should be frequently and persistently practiced until every pupil acquires, not only the ability to enunciate properly and in natural tones, but also the habit of doing so. The pronunciation of troublesome words should be noted, and every word in the lists should be spelled both by letter and by sound.

Among other special features to be noted are : (1) the adaptation of the lessons to the seasons of the year in which they will most usually be studied ; (2) the interesting quality of the historical and biographical stories ; (3) the many selections relating to nature, and especially those which inculcate lessons of kindness to living creatures ; (4) the numerous lessons which, without being offensively didactic, are calculated to inspire worthy and noble ideas of life and duty ; (5) the constant care to introduce such selections as will tend to cultivate in the minds of young learners a taste for the best style of literature as regards both thought and expression, thus pointing the way to an acquaintance with the best books in our language ; and, in general, (6) the sterling literary quality of the entire contents.

The selections to be memorized are such as have been recommended and required by the departments of education in New York state and elsewhere. They should not be disregarded until the end, but should be studied and spoken at appropriate times throughout the year.

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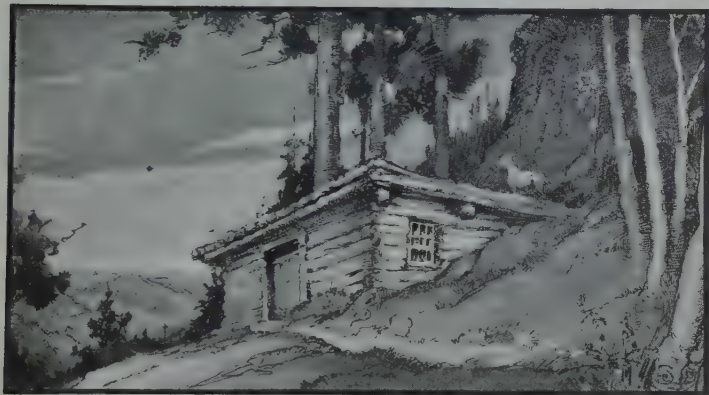
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A READER

FOR FOURTH AND FIFTH YEARS



A HAPPY BOY'S BAD BARGAIN¹

I

Listen, and I will tell you a story of a happy little boy whose name was Orvind.

The house which he called his home was small and poor, but to him it was the loveliest place in all the world. Behind it there was a rocky cliff, steep but not very high. Fir trees and white birches grew there and shaded the house with their branches; and a wild cherry tree shook its blossoms down upon it.

¹Translated and adapted from "A Happy Boy," by B. Björnson.

The roof was quite flat, and it was so low that on the side next to the cliff it was easy to step up on it. A little goat belonging to Orvind was kept there. It was a good place for the goat, and Orvind watched it and carried it armloads of grass every sunny day.

One fine morning the goat leaped from the roof and began to climb the cliff. It went up, up, and soon stood where it had never been before. When Orvind came soon afterward, to feed it, he could not see it anywhere.

He thought at once that a fox had stolen it. He grew very hot all over and began to cry, "Killy-killy killy-killy goat!"

Then he heard the goat answer him from the edge of the cliff, "Ba-a-a! ba-a-a!"

Orvind looked up and saw it peering down. A little girl was kneeling at its side.

"Is this your goat?" the girl asked.

Orvind opened his mouth and eyes very wide, and thrust both his hands into his pockets. Then he stammered:

"Who are you?"

The girl answered, "I am Marit,¹ mother's child, father's fairy, grandfather's darling — four years old, I am!"

¹ For pronunciation of names, see notes at end of lesson.

"Is that who you are?" cried Orvind ; and he drew a long breath, for he had not dared take one while she was talking.

"Yes, that's who I am. I'm Marit," was the answer from the cliff. "Is this goat yours?"

"Ye-es!" cried Orvind, speaking very loud, and climbing a little way up the cliff.

"I think it is such a pretty goat. I like it ever so much. Won't you give it to me?"

"No, indeed, I won't."

He stopped and looked up. Marit was now sitting close to the edge of the cliff and staring down at him. What could he do but stand still and stare back?

Presently Marit spoke. "If I should give you a twisted bun for the goat, wouldn't you let me have it then?"

Now Orvind was the child of very poor people. He had never tasted twisted bun but once, and that was when his grandfather was at the house on a visit. It was the sweetest, most delicate morsel he had ever eaten.

"Let me see the bun, and then I'll tell you," he answered with due caution.

Marit was not slow to close the bargain. She held up a large twisted bun in her hand. "Here it is!" she cried, and tossed it down to him.

“Oh, it broke in pieces!” said the boy; and he stooped among the rocks and picked up every fragment with the greatest care.

He could not help tasting the very smallest piece. It was so good that he had to try another bite, and before he knew it he had eaten the whole bun.

“Now the goat belongs to me,” said Marit.

The last morsel was in Orvind’s mouth. The girl was lying on the cliff and laughing. The goat was standing by her side. Its white breast glistened in the sunlight.

“Oh, can’t you wait a little while?” said the boy. His heart was beginning to throb; the tears were coming into his eyes.

But Marit laughed harder than ever, and quickly got up on her knees. “No, no! the goat is mine,” she said.

She stroked the gentle creature’s face. She took off her hair ribbon and fastened it around its neck. She rose to her feet and tried to lead it away.

Orvind watched her. The goat would not go with her. It stretched its neck over the edge of the cliff, and looked down at him. “Ba-a-a! ba-a-a!” it cried.

Then the little girl took hold of its hair with one hand and pulled at the ribbon with the other. She spoke to the goat very gently: “Come, pretty one,

I will take you home with me. You may go into the sitting room and eat from mother's blue dish. I will feed you from my apron, too. Come along! Come along!"

Then she began to sing a funny little song:

"Come, boy's pretty goatie!
Come, calf, my delight!
Come here, darling pussy,
In shoes snowy white.
Come, chicks, from your shelter,
Come, ducks, helter-skelter;
Come, doves, with bright eyes —
Come home, for time flies!"

The boy stood still and looked up. His heart was so full that he could neither move nor speak.

II

Orvind had taken care of the goat ever since it was a tiny kid by its mother's side. He had never once thought of losing it. But now it was gone forever, and he would not see it again.

His mother was coming from the fields with a pail on her arm. She saw the boy sitting on the grass at the foot of the cliff. His legs were crossed under him, and he was crying.

She spoke to him softly, "What are you crying about, Orvind?"

"Oh, my goat! my goat!"

"Why, where is the goat?" asked the mother, and she looked up at the roof.

"It's gone! It'll never come back any more."

"Dear me! How can that be? Where is it?"

The boy sobbed. He would not confess at once.

"Has the fox carried it off?"

"Oh, I wish it was the fox."

His mother was beginning to feel vexed. She put her hand on his shoulder and said sharply, "Have you lost your senses? Tell me what has happened to the goat."

"Oh-oh-oh! I was so unlucky, mother. I sold it for a twisted bun."

The moment he said this he understood what a foolish thing it was to sell a goat for a bun. He had not thought of it in that way before.

"Well, what do you suppose the goat thinks of you now?" said his mother. "What does it think of the boy that sells it for a twisted bun?"

Orvind did not answer; but he sobbed bitterly, and felt that he could never be happy again — never, never. His mother did not question him any further, but left him alone where he sat.

He was so filled with shame and sorrow that he made all sorts of promises to himself. He would never be naughty again. He would not slam the door; he would not pull the cat's tail; he would not whine when his mother asked him to do something; indeed, he would be just as good a boy as he could.

At last he lay down on the grass and sobbed himself to sleep. Then, the first thing he knew, some-



thing wet was thrust right against his ear. He jumped up, only half awake.

“Ba-a-a!” There was the goat standing by his side.

“Oh! Have you come back to me?”

With these words he seized the little animal by its fore legs, and danced about with it till he was tired.

Orvind was about to lead the goat to his mother when he heard some one behind him. He looked around and saw Marit standing at the foot of the cliff.

“Did you bring the goat back?” he asked.

The girl looked down at the ground, and began to tear up the grass with her hands.

“Yes,” she said. “They wouldn’t let me keep it. Grandfather is up there now, waiting for me.”

Orvind stood and looked at her without knowing what to say. Then he heard a sharp voice from the cliff above calling, “Well, Marit!”

The girl remembered what she had been told to do. She rose and walked up to Orvind. She thrust one of her little brown hands into his, and turned her face away. Then, in a tremble, she said, “I beg your pardon.”

With that, she lost all her courage. She threw her arms around the goat’s neck and burst into tears.

“I think you had better keep the goat,” stammered the boy; and he turned his face away.

The grandfather was becoming impatient. He was again calling from the top of the cliff. “Marit! Marit! Come, make haste now.”

Marit let go of the goat. She turned and began to climb the hill-side path.

“Oh, here is your ribbon on its neck. You’ve forgotten it!” shouted the boy.

She looked back with tearful eyes, first at the goat and then at Orvind. She sobbed aloud as she said, “You may keep it.”

The boy left the goat and ran after her. He took her by the hand and said, “I thank you!”

“Oh, there’s nothing to thank me for,” she answered. Then she went slowly up the path to the spot where her grandfather was waiting.

EXPRESSION: Tell the name of the story. Do you think it is a good name? Why do you think so?

Read aloud the description of Orvind’s house on pages 13 and 14. Try to make those who listen to you see just how the house looked. Call the goat as you think the boy did. What did the goat answer?

Repeat the conversation between Orvind and Marit on pages 14 and 15; between Orvind and his mother, page 18.

Repeat the song on page 17.

Notice this mark (?). Find twelve sentences that are followed by it. What does it mean? How does it help you to read with expression?

Study these words:

<i>cliff</i>	<i>caution</i>	<i>bargain</i>	<i>Or'vind</i>	<i>prēs'ent ly</i>
<i>firs</i>	<i>ribbon</i>	<i>morsel</i>	<i>Mär'it</i>	<i>del'i cate</i>
<i>birches</i>	<i>pardon</i>	<i>courage</i>	<i>glis'tened</i>	<i>im pa'tient</i>



THE SEASONS¹

The Queen

Summer or winter or spring or fall, —
Which do you like the best of all?

Jasper

When I'm dressed warm as warm can be,
And with boots, to go
Through the deepest snow,
Winter time is the time for me.

The Queen

Summer or winter or spring or fall, —
Which do you like the best of all?

Mildred

I like blossoms and birds that sing, —
The grass and the dew
And the sunshine, too, —
So, best of all I like the spring.

By James Whitcomb Riley, an American poet.



The Queen

Summer or winter or spring or fall, —
Which do you like the best of all?

Mandeville

Oh, little friends, I most rejoice
When I hear the drums
As the circus comes ; —
So summer time is my special choice.

The Queen

Summer or winter or spring or fall, —
Which do you like the best of all?

Edith

Apples of ruby, and pears of gold,
And grapes of blue
That the bee stings through —
Fall — it is all that my heart can hold.

The Queen

So ! my darlings and pretty dears,
You've each a favorite, it appears,
Summer and winter and spring and fall —
That's the reason I send them all.



THE WISHING-GATE¹

I

Blunder was going to the Wishing-Gate to wish for something. He thought that he would like to have a pair of ponies and a little coach like Tom Thumb's.



People say that you can have your wish if you once get to that gate. But the thing is to find it.

It is not a gate with a sign at the top like this:

WISHING-GATE

It is just an old stile in a meadow. There are plenty

¹ By Louise E. Chollet.

of old stiles in meadows, and how are you to know which is the right one?

Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but then she could not tell him. She could only direct him to follow the road, and ask the way of the first owl he met.

Over and over again she charged him ; for Blunder was a very careless little boy, and seldom found anything. "Be sure you don't miss him — be sure you don't pass him by."

"No, indeed, I won't," said Blunder.

So he followed the straight road till he came to a place where it forked. And there he stopped, wondering which way to go.

An old brown owl was nodding in a tall oak tree, the first owl Blunder had seen. He was a little afraid to wake him up. The fairy godmother had told him that the owl sat up all night to study frogs.

He could think of nothing better to say than, "Good Mr. Owl, will you please show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"What's that?" cried the owl, starting out of his nap. "Have you brought me a frog?"



"No," said Blunder, "I did not know that you would like one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"Wishing-Gate! Wishing-Gate!" hooted the owl, very angrily. "Winks and naps! how dare you disturb me by asking such a question? Do you take me for a milestone? Follow your nose, my boy; follow your nose and you'll get there by and by."

But how could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right, or lead him through the woods, whichever way his legs went.

"What was the use of asking the owl," he thought, "if that was all he could say?"

A chipmunk came down the path, and seeing Blunder, stopped short with a little squeak.

"Good Mrs. Chipmunk," said Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I can't, indeed," answered the chipmunk, politely. "But if you will follow the brook, you will find an old water sprite sitting on a slanting stone. He can tell you all about it."

"What is a water sprite?" asked Blunder.

"You'll know when you see him," said the chipmunk.



II

Blunder followed the brook, but he saw nothing of the water sprite or of the slanting stone. He was just saying to himself, "I don't know where he is — I can't find him," when he spied a frog sitting on a wet stone.

"Mr. Frog," asked Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I cannot," said the frog; "but in a pine tree, over there, you will find a crow. He can show you the way, for he is a great traveler."



"I don't know where the pine tree is, — I am sure I can never find him," answered Blunder.

Still he went on up the brook, till, hot and tired and out of patience, he sat down to rest.

He looked around him, and right at his elbow he saw a morning-glory elf.

"Elf, do you know which is the way to the Wishing-Gate?" he asked



"No," said the elf. "I don't know anything about geography. But if you keep on this path, you will meet the Dream Man. He is coming from fairy-land, with his bag of dreams on his shoulder. He can tell you about the Wishing-Gate, if anybody can."

"But how can I find him?" asked Blunder, more and more impatient.

"I don't know, I am sure," answered the elf, "unless you look for him."

There was no help for it but to go on. Soon Blunder

passed the Dream Man asleep under a thorn bush. He had his bags of good and bad dreams beside him.

But Blunder had a habit of not using his eyes. At home, when told to find anything, he always said, "I don't know where it is," or "I can't find it." Then his mother or sister went and

found it for him.

He passed the Dream Man without seeing him. Then he went on until he met a Jack-o'-Lantern.



"Can you show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?" said Blunder.

"With pleasure," answered Jack. He caught up his lantern and started off at once, saying: "This way. Follow me."

Blunder followed close. In watching the lantern, he forgot to look to his feet, and fell into a hole filled with black mud.

"I say! the Wishing-Gate is not down there," called out Jack, whisking off among the treetops.

"I can't come up there," sobbed Blunder.

"That is not my fault, then," answered Jack, merrily dancing out of sight.

A very angry little boy was Blunder when he climbed out of the hole. "I don't know where it is," he said, crying. "I can't find it, and I'll go home."

Just then he stepped on an old, moss-grown, rotten stump. It was a wood goblin's chimney. Blunder fell through, headlong, in among the pots and pans in which the goblin's cook was cooking the goblin's supper.

The old goblin was asleep upstairs. He started up



in a fright at the clash and clatter. When he found that his house was not tumbling down about his ears,

he went stumping down to the kitchen to see what was the matter.

The cook heard him, and tried to hide Blunder.

“Quick!” cried she. “If my master catches you, he will have you in a pie. In the next room you will find a pair of shoes. Jump into them and

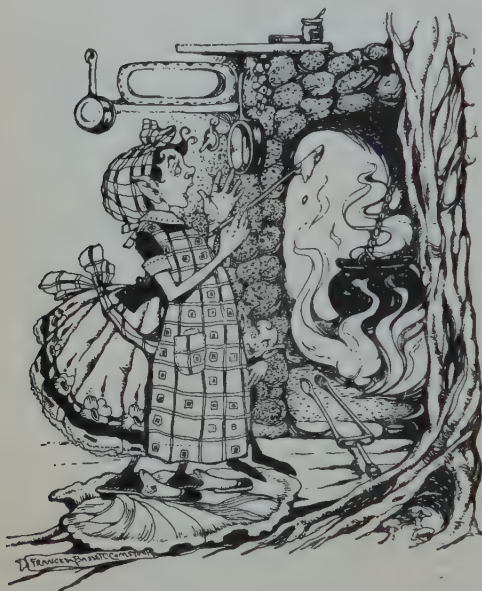
they will take you up the chimney.”

Blunder ran into the room. The shoes were standing there in a corner, but of course he did not see them, for he was not in the habit of using his eyes.

“I can’t find them! Oh, I can’t find them!” he sobbed, running back to the cook.

“Run into the closet,” said the cook.

Blunder made a dash at the window. “I don’t know where it is!” he cried out.



III

Clump! clump! clump! The goblin was halfway down the stairs.

"Jump into the meal chest," cried the cook.

"I don't see it," squeaked Blunder, rushing toward the fireplace.

"Where is it?"

Clump! clump! clump! The goblin was at the foot of the stair. He was coming toward the door of the kitchen.

"There is an invisible cloak hanging on that peg," whispered the cook. "Get into that."

Blunder could no more see the cloak than he could see the shoes, the closet, and the meal chest. But he caught his foot in it, tumbled down, and pulled the cloak over him. There he lay, very still.

"What was all that noise about?" asked the goblin, coming into the kitchen.



"Only my pans, master," answered the cook.

As he could see nothing amiss, the old goblin went grumbling upstairs again. The cook hurried to bring the fairy shoes from the next room, and Blunder after much ado managed to get his feet into them.



"Now, good-bye," said the cook. "Take care not to blunder into a goblin's house again."

The shoes carried Blunder up the chimney, and landed him in a meadow, safe enough, but so miserable. He was disappointed, he was hungry.

It was dark, and he did not know the way home. Presently he came to an old stile. He climbed up, and sat down on top of it. He was too tired to stir.

Just then, along came the South Wind, and as he was going Blunder's way, he took Blunder home.

The boy was glad, but he would have liked it better if the Wind had not laughed all the way.

“What are you laughing at?” he asked.

“At two things that I saw in my travels,” said the Wind. “I saw a hen that starved to death while sitting close by a bushel of grain. And I saw a little boy that sat on top of the Wishing-Gate and then asked me to carry him home because he could not find it.”

“What! What’s that?” cried Blunder — but just then he found himself at home. His fairy godmother was sitting by the fire.

“What luck? what luck?” cried everybody else. “Where is the Wishing-Gate?” But the fairy godmother said nothing.

“I don’t know where it is,” answered Blunder. “I couldn’t find it.”

“Poor boy!” said his mother, kissing him; and his sister ran to bring him some bread and milk.

EXPRESSION: Why did Blunder wish to go to the Wishing-Gate? Of whom did he ask the way? Whom did he see? Read what he said to each one. What did each answer?

Study these words :

<i>saying</i>	<i>asking</i>	<i>sitting</i>	<i>going</i>	<i>tumbling</i>
<i>hanging</i>	<i>dancing</i>	<i>kissing</i>	<i>coming</i>	<i>stumping</i>
<i>standing</i>	<i>laughing</i>	<i>wishing</i>	<i>cooking</i>	<i>jumping</i>

TWO FABLES IN VERSE

I. THE ENVIOUS WREN¹

In a tree lived a wren,
On the ground lived a hen;
The wren looked for food here and there;
But the hen had wheat
And good things to eat —
Said the wren, "I declare, 'tisn't fair!"

"It is really too bad!"
She exclaimed — feeling sad —
"To go out when it's raining this way!
And to earn what you eat,
Doesn't make your food sweet,
In spite of what some folks may say.

"Now there is that hen,"
Said this poor little wren,
"She's fed till she's fat as a drum;
While I strive and sweat
For each grain that I get,
And nobody gives me a crumb.

"I can't see for my life
Why the good farmer's wife
Treats her so much better than me.

By Phœbe Cary.

Suppose on the ground
 I hop carelessly round
 For a while, and just see what I'll see."

Said this small, cunning wren,
 "I'll make friends with the hen,
 And perhaps she will ask me to stay;
 And then upon bread
 Every day I'll be fed,
 And life will be nothing but play."

So down flew the wren;
 "Stop to tea," said the hen,
 And soon her good supper was sent;
 But scarce stopping to taste,
 The poor bird left in haste,
 And this was the reason she went:

When the farmer's kind dame
 To the poultry yard came,
 She said — and the wren shook with fright —
 "That fat hen will do
 For a pie or a stew,
 And I think I shall kill her to-night."

EXPRESSION: What two animals are told about in this story? Where did each live? Where did each get its food? Which was the better off? Why?

II. THE FOX AND THE CROW¹

To a dairy a crow
 Once ventured to go,
 Some food for her young ones to seek.
 She flew up to the trees
 With a fine piece of cheese,
 Which she joyfully held in her beak.

A fox, who lived by,
 To the tree saw her fly,
 And to share in the prize made a vow;
 For, having just dined,
 He for cheese felt inclined,
 So he went and sat under the bough.

She was cunning, he knew,
 But so was he, too,
 And to flatter adapted his plan.
 If the crow should try to speak
 The cheese must fall from her beak, —
 So, politely, then, the fox began:

“’Tis a very fine day;”
 (Not a word did she say);
 “The wind, I believe, ma’am, is south;

¹ By Jane Taylor.

A fine harvest for peas."

He then look'd at the cheese,
But the crow did not open her mouth.

Sly Reynard, not tired,
Her plumage admired :
'How charming! how brilliant its hue!
The voice must be fine,
Of a bird so divine —
Ah, let me just hear it, pray do!
Believe me, I long
To hear a sweet song."

The silly crow foolishly tries :
She scarce gives one squall
When the cheese she lets fall,
And the fox runs away with the prize.

EXPRESSION: Which of the two fables do you prefer?
Why? What is a fable?

Study these words and learn to spell them :

<i>ma'am</i>	<i>ventured</i>	<i>inclined</i>	<i>plumage</i>	<i>politely</i>
<i>scarce</i>	<i>envious</i>	<i>divine</i>	<i>brilliant</i>	<i>joyfully</i>
<i>bough</i>	<i>flatter</i>	<i>admired</i>	<i>cunning</i>	<i>foolishly</i>

Reynard (pronounced *rā'nard*), the name of a fox.

Speak each word distinctly, and do not run two words together. Practice speaking the following: *once ventured; harvest for peas; voice must be fine; scarce gives one squall.*

RIDING ON A PLOW¹

"Papa," said the little boy one night, "did you have a pony when you were a little boy?"

"Yes, and I remember the first time that I rode my pony. I couldn't guide him, though I pulled hard on the bridle. The pony walked under an apple tree, and a branch of the tree dragged me off."

"Did it hurt you very much, papa?"

"Oh, no, not at all. And the pony began to eat grass, just as if nothing had happened."

"Tell me something else that happened when you were a boy, papa."

"I will tell you how I used to ride when I was a boy on the farm. When my father, who was your grandpa, was plowing in the field, I sometimes rode on the plow.

"One day he was plowing in the old meadow, and I went out to see him. The ground was level and smooth, and there were no rocks nor stumps. I walked along beside your grandpa while he held the plow handles and guided the horses. After a while he said, 'Whoa!' and the horses stopped.

"Then he picked me up and put me on the plow. He set me on one of the rounds between the handles,

¹ From "When Daddy was a Boy," by Thomas Wood Parry.

with my feet resting on the lowest round just above the plowshare.

“‘Now, hold on,’ he said, and the horses started. It was a fine seat. I could sit there with my hand on



your grandpa's hand. I always felt very safe when I was near him.

“Right under me the bright plowshare was cutting through the sod and turning it over. It was spring-time, and now and then a pretty wild flower would be plowed under. The poor flower would go face down in the furrow, and the black dirt would cover it up. I felt sorry for the little flowers and the young grass.

"Once we plowed up the nest of a field mouse. There were five or six tiny young mice in it, and when the sod was turned over they were all thrown out upon the plowed ground. The poor mother was very much frightened and ran away; but your grandpa said that she would come back and find her little ones and make a new nest for them.

"We went on, and not long afterwards we plowed up a mole."

"What is a mole?" asked the little boy.

"What is a mole? Well, you town boys don't know much about things in the country, do you?"

"Please go on, papa, and tell me about the mole."

"Well, a mole is a small animal somewhat bigger than a field mouse. His legs are so short that he cannot run very fast, and his eyes are very small. He lives in the ground, and eats roots and earthworms and almost anything he can find.

"The next thing we plowed up was a bees' nest—no, it was a yellow jackets' nest."

"Oh, tell me about it."

"Well, the plow turned the nest over, and the yellow jackets came swarming out and stung the horses. The horses tried to run, but your grandpa held them in, and we hurried away from the nest. We didn't plow near that place any more that day."

“Well, what else did you plow up?” asked the little boy.

“There was something that we didn’t plow up,” answered his father. “At one place I noticed a stick standing up in the ground just ahead of us. When your grandpa got near the stick he drove the horses around on one side of it and left a narrow strip of land not plowed.

“‘Why did you do that?’ I asked. He stopped the horses and lifted me from my seat. ‘Come back here, and I’ll show you,’ he said.

“Close by the stick there was a hole in the ground, and the hole was almost filled with dry grass and tufts of gray fur. Your grandpa stooped and lifted up the dry grass very gently, and what do you think was under it?”

“Oh, tell me, papa, what was it?”

“A soft warm nest with six tiny young rabbits in it. As soon as they were uncovered they began to squeak, for they thought their mother had come to them. I was about to pick one of them up, but your grandpa said, ‘Don’t touch them. The old rabbit doesn’t like them to be meddled with.’

“Then he pushed the grass back over them, and we went on. I asked your grandpa what he would do with the strip of land where the rabbits had their

nest ; and he said that he would come back and plow it when the little fellows were big enough to run away. He was always kind to everything."

"Do farmers always plow up so many live things?" asked the little boy.

"No, not always. I'll tell you why so many little animals happened to be in that piece of ground which your grandpa was plowing that day. It was an old meadow. A meadow is a field where the grass is allowed to grow tall and become ripe. In the summer, when the grass has ripened, it is cut for hay ; then new grass springs up from the roots and covers the ground. After a while this second growth of grass becomes brown and dry and falls over on the ground. Then, when winter comes many little animals find good warm places in it where they are safe from the wind and the snow. Some of them dig into the ground and make their nests there.

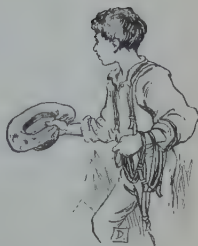
"Grass had been growing a long time in that old meadow where we were plowing, and tiny wild creatures had been living there for many years."

"Well, I wish I could ride on a plow," said the boy.

EXPRESSION: What did the plow turn up ? Choose parts, and read what is said about each thing. Read each of the little boy's questions just as you think he spoke them.

CATCHING THE COLT¹

With star in forehead, silver tail,
 And three white feet to match,
 The gay, half-broken, playful colt
 Not one of us could catch.



"I can," said Jack, "I'm good for that";
 Then he shook his empty hat.
 "She'll think it's full of corn," said he;
 "Stand back, and she will come to me."



Her head, the shy, proud creature raised
 As 'mid the daisy flowers she grazed;
 Then down the hill, across the brook,
 Delaying oft, her way she took.

Then stepping softly, and with movement
 quick,

She hurried on, and then came back.

"Ho! ho! I've caught you!" then said Jack,
 And put the halter round her neck.

By and by came another day

When Jack was wishing for a ride.

"I'll catch that colt the very same way, —
 I know I can," said he with pride.

¹ By Marian Douglas.

So, up the stony pasture lane,
And up the hill he trudged again ;
Then to the colt he said, " Come, ho !"
And shook his old hat to and fro.



" She'll think it's full of corn," he thought,
" And easily then she will be caught."
" Come, Beck !" he called ; and at the sound
The restless creature looked around.

Soon, with a quick, impatient kick,
She galloped far away from Jack ;
Then underneath a tree she stopped
And leisurely some clover cropped.

Jack followed after, but in vain ;
His hand was just upon her mane,
When off she flew as flies the wind,
And, panting, he pressed on behind.

Down the steep hill, the brook across,
O'er bushes, thistles, mounds of moss,
Round and around the field they passed,
Till breathless Jack fell down at last.

Then, vexed, he threw away his hat, —
“The colt,” he said, “remembers that !
There’s always trouble from deceit ;
I’ll never try again to cheat !”

TOM, DICK, AND HARRY

Tom and Dick were two fire-engine horses. They were large and strong and beautiful. They could run very fast, and all the firemen were proud of them.

For six years these two horses had gone to every fire in their district. They had learned all the fire signals, and they knew just what to do and when to do it.

One day as they were coming home from a fire, Tom stepped on a loose stone in the street; he stumbled, and hurt one of his legs. The men led him to his stall and bandaged the leg. They said that it would be at least a week before they could drive Tom again.

The next day he seemed quite lame, and the captain of the fire company shook his head.

"Tom, my good horse," he said, "I'm afraid we shall have to go to all the fires this winter without you. But there's Harry, the new horse; he'll do the work till you get well."

So Harry was put in Tom's stall, and Tom was given the large box stall just beyond it.

That very night when everybody was having a good nap, the fire alarm was heard.

"Dong! dong! dong! dong!" rang the great gong at the top of the engine house.

The firemen tumbled out of their beds. They drew on their boots, and were at their places in less than a minute.

"It's too bad about Tom," said the driver. "I don't know how we'll make out with Harry; but I hope he'll do pretty well."

"Tinkle! tinkle! tinkle!" rang the small bell just above the stalls.

The horses knew what that meant. All ran out and stood in front of the engine—all except



poor Tom, who was shut in his stall. How eager they were for the grand rush through the streets!

“Dong! dong! dong! dong!”

The men leaped upon the engine; the driver seized the reins; the horses sprang forward; and away they went, rushing and rattling down the street. And Tom was left alone in the box stall.

The poor horse could not understand why he could not go too. He forgot his lame leg. He neighed as loudly as he could. He jumped up and down. He listened to the sound of the clattering hoofs of Dick and Harry, now far down the street.

What did it all mean? Was he to go to no more fires? Was that new horse, Harry, to have all the joy of this midnight gallop through the streets, while he was left alone in the engine house?

Then Tom turned and kicked with all his might at the door which shut him in. It was splintered and cracked by the blow. He kicked again, and again, and again. The latch was broken, the door flew open, there was no one near to see what had been done.

With one great leap Tom was out of the stall; then out of the engine house he rushed, and down the street he ran as he had never run before.

Far away, the horse could see the flames shooting up in the darkness and lighting the sky beyond. He could hear the shouting of men

and boys as they ran toward the fire. Yes, he could hear the clattering of horses' hoofs and the rumbling of his own fire engine on the rough street some distance ahead of him.

Ah, how slow that new horse, Harry, must be! And how it must worry poor Dick to be hitched by the side of a beast so lazy and awkward! Whether Tom thought of this, or not, I cannot say; but he neighed wildly, and rushed onward like the wind.

And now the engine had come to a sharp turn in the street. The driver pulled hard on the reins; and then suddenly the new horse stumbled and fell. The men leaped from the engine and ran to help him up. Alas! a leg was broken; he could not rise.

"Run to the first fire box and call out another engine," cried the captain.

At that moment there was a great clattering of hoofs near by, and Tom came rushing up, his head held high, and his eyes flashing with the joy of the race.

"Hurrah!" cried the astonished firemen. "There's Tom! He's come to help us out, and he doesn't limp at all."

Right up to his place beside Dick the proud horse cantered; and in another minute the harness from

Harry was thrown upon him, and he was ready for work. The driver shouted, the men leaped to their places, and again the engine was speeding down the street.

“Hurrah! hurrah!” shouted the men. “We shall yet win; but we never could have done it but for brave Tom.”

After the fire had been put out and the engine had been taken back, all the men came around Tom to pat him on the neck and speak words of kindness and praise.

“Well, his leg was not much hurt, after all,” said the captain. “There’s no need to keep him in the box stall.”

EXPRESSION: Read the description of Tom and Dick. Read about Tom’s accident. What did the captain say? Imitate the great gong; the little bell; the bell on the engine.

Read what the captain said when Harry fell.

Read what the firemen said when they saw Tom.

Which of the three horses do you like best? Why?

WORD STUDY: (1) *leaped, jumped, cracked, hitched, stepped, kicked, rushed.*

(2) *tumbled, stumbled, cantered, bandaged, seized, neighed, listened, splintered.*

(3) *engine, signal, company, meant, except, eager, gallop, distance, reins, chief.*

A DOG'S OWN STORY

I am a collie, and my name is Don. When I was very young I lived in the country with some people who kept a great many horses. I slept in the barn, and there I made friends with a racehorse who sometimes shared his stall with me.

The name of the racehorse was Silvermane, and he was a beautiful fellow — so tall and slender and graceful. He used to tell me wonderful stories of the races he had won, and how proud it made him feel to go like the wind and have everybody cheering as he reached the winning post.

My young master was very fond of dogs and horses, and he often rode out across the fields and through the woods with a pack of hounds at his heels. I didn't care much for the hounds, for I didn't like their manners; but I loved all the horses, they were such fine fellows.

One day Silvermane looked so unhappy that I asked him what was the matter. He whinnied softly in my ear and said that he was only uneasy about our master.

"He will ride that new sorrel colt," he said, "and I'm afraid there'll be an accident some day. The colt is gentle enough, but it stumbles often, and if it

should fall with the master when he is riding hard, he may be badly hurt. I wish he would always let me carry him."

Silvermane was quite right. Before another week had passed, the sorrel colt stumbled and threw my master against a stone wall. They picked him up and carried him home ; but I don't know what they did with him, for we were all shut up in the stables and not allowed to go out for several days. Then when we were set free I looked everywhere for the master, but I never saw him again.

After a while a whole family of boys and girls came to the house, and each one was given a dog. The bigger boys chose the hounds, but I was taken by a jolly little chap named Arthur. My child master had blue eyes and long golden hair, and he was never afraid of anything. I loved Arthur very much, and it was my delight to follow him wherever he went.

I can never forget the time when the child took it into his head to play Brave Knight. A long way from our house there was an old building that had once been used as a mill. The children had been told never to go there alone ; but I think Arthur had forgotten, or perhaps he had not heard aright when the caution was given to the other boys.

Early one morning, when nobody was near, the child slipped out by the back way, and I followed him as usual. "Come, Don," he said, "I am the Knight of the Green Forest, and I am going home to my castle. You are my squire and must do as I bid you."

So he trudged along through the woods, swinging his wooden sword in the air, and boasting how he would defend his castle against every enemy. When we reached the old mill, I tried to persuade him to return home; for it was a lonely, dangerous place, and I didn't like it. But instead of doing as I wished, he played that I was an enemy who had come to attack his castle. He charged upon me with his sword, made me his prisoner, and dragged me into a dark room which he called a dungeon.

I suppose that this kind of play was very amusing to him, but it was not so to me. During all that pleasant morning, he played at driving make-believe enemies away from his castle, while I lay in the dungeon as a prisoner. I was very glad when he became tired of being a brave knight.

It must have been about noon when he threw open the dungeon door and gave me my freedom. "Come, Don," he said, "we'll just explore the old tower, and then we'll go home to dinner."

He squeezed through a narrow door at the foot of

some stairs, and I followed him. When he saw how the stairs reached up to a kind of tower on the roof, he was so excited that he did not notice how rotten they were and ready to fall. He wouldn't listen to me when I tried to tell him of the danger, but rushed upward as fast as he could climb.

The next moment there was an awful crash, and we were both thrown backward and downward with great force. The air was full of dust and falling pieces of rotted timber. I got upon my feet as quickly as I could, and looked around.

The door was so filled with what had fallen that there was not room enough to squeeze my body through it. Half covered over by the ruins, my little master was lying white and still with part of a heavy beam across one leg. I scrambled up to him and licked his face. He opened his eyes, but could not speak.

I tried to find some way to get out of the dreadful place, but there was none. I could do nothing but sit by my master and try to cheer him a little.

I don't know how long I sat there, but it seemed hours and hours. Then I began to grow desperate. Just above us there was a hole in the wall — it may have been a small window. It was very high, but a broken beam had fallen so that one end rested against

it. If I could only scramble up that beam, I might get out of the place and run for help.

I tried it and succeeded. The hole in the wall was



a great distance from the ground, but I jumped and landed in a heap of brush. One of my legs was sprained so badly that I could not use it, but I hobbled

home as fast as I could. I found all the people wild with alarm and ready to set out in search of little Arthur. But they were glad to see me, I'm sure.

I turned round at once, and limped back all the way to the old mill to show them where my master was. How happy they were when they saw him! They lifted him tenderly out from among the rubbish, and carried him home. His mother wept for joy, and everybody petted and fondled me, although I never could tell why!

When Arthur was quite well again, which was not very soon, he was sent to school in town. I was never so lonely in my life; but when he came back, as he did in the vacations, I made up for it by following him everywhere.

"Don, you are my dog — and you shall always be my dog," he would say.

That made me very happy, and I tried my best to thank him.

EXPRESSION: What was the name of the dog? of the horse? of the boy? What is a castle? a dungeon? Talk with your teacher about knights and castles. Tell some story that you have heard about them.

WORD STUDY: Speak clearly and correctly: *Arthur*; *kept*, *slept*; *shared*, *whinnied*, *trudged*, *charged*, *scrambled*.

HERO AND HIS FRIEND

In a large menagerie there was once a lion named Hero, who was said to be very ill-natured and even dangerous. His keeper never ventured to go near him without carrying a whip or an iron bar or something with which to defend himself.



"Hero," he would say, "you are so cross and ugly that I hate you ;" and then with his iron bar he would drive the poor beast into a corner of the cage.

"The only way to govern such beasts," he said, "is to make them afraid of you. You must make them think that you are stronger than they, and then they will not harm you."

One day a party of sailors came to the menagerie to look at the animals.

“Don’t go near that lion,” said the keeper. “He is so dangerous that we have stretched a rope in front of the cage to prevent visitors from getting within his reach. Just see how angry he is!”

“He looks like an old friend of mine,” said one of the sailors; and without heeding the keeper’s warning he leaped over the rope and ran to the cage.

“Hello, old shipmate!” he cried. “Don’t you know me? What cheer, good Hero, my lad?”

The lion stopped his growling, sprang up to the bars of the cage, and put his nose between them. The sailor stroked the animal’s head, and then took hold of one of his huge paws and shook it.

“Good morning, my friend! And how have you been since we saw each other last?” said the sailor.

The lion rubbed his hand gently with his whiskers, like a cat, and seemed very much pleased. Then the sailor spoke to him kindly again, and the two fondled each other and played together for some time.

The keeper was much astonished. “How is it that the beast is so gentle with you, and always so cross to me?” he asked.

“Oh, we are old friends,” answered the sailor. “Five years ago, when Hero was brought from Africa, he

voice calling. But he did not look around; he did not so much as raise his head. "It's only some farmer hurrying home from the city," he thought; and he rode slowly onward.

The sounds drew rapidly nearer. Then the voice of the horseman could be plainly heard. "Halt! halt! Christopher Columbus. I have news for you."

The gray-haired man, hearing his name called, drew up by the roadside and looked around. "Well, well, my friend Santangel," he said, "what news can you bring to me that is not bad news?"

The horseman was beside him in a moment. "I bring you the best news in the world," he said. "Come back with me to the city. I have seen Queen Isabella, and she bids you come back."

"Why should she wish me to come back?" answered Columbus. "I have now been seven years in Spain, trying to induce the king and queen to aid me — and all to no purpose. They only call me a crazy dreamer, and the people laugh at me because I wish to prove that the earth is round. I am now on my way to France, where I shall find a more liberal king and a wiser people."

"You must go no farther," said Santangel. "The queen promises to aid you. She believes that you are right, and she says that she will fit out some

ships for your use, even though she may have to sell her jewels to pay for them."

"Are you speaking the truth, Santangel?"

"Most surely," answered his friend. "Come! Let us hasten back, as the queen commands."

Without another word, Columbus turned and rode back by the side of his friend. His mind was filled with thoughts of the past.

He remembered how, when a little boy, he had stood by the seashore and watched the ships coming into port from far-away lands. He remembered how the sailors had told him wonderful stories of the sea, and how he himself had afterwards become a sailor and had visited strange countries and distant islands.

Then he thought of the time when he had first come to Spain. How even wise men had laughed at him when he declared that the earth is round! How they laughed again when he said that he would sail across the western ocean and prove that he was right!

He thought of the seven years of waiting. Then he turned to his friend, Santangel, and said, "All my life I have held to the idea that the earth is round. Indeed, I know it is round; and now, with the queen's help, I am sure that I shall prove it."

heard, "Land ! land ! land !" And straight ahead of them, the sailors saw a green and pleasant shore faintly visible in the gray light of dawn.

The men were wild with joy. They thanked Columbus for guiding them to this safe but unknown land. They begged his forgiveness for all the harsh things they had said against him.

"Is the earth really round? Is this the Far East? Is this a part of India?" they asked.

Columbus answered, "I firmly believe so; and I think that I have now proved that the earth is round."

Then, arrayed in rich garments like a king or conqueror, he went on shore. There he unfurled the flag of Spain and declared that he took possession of this island and of all the lands and seas around it in the name of the king and queen of Spain.

This happened on the twelfth day of October in the year 1492. The island which was thus discovered was a part of the great new world of America.

EXPRESSION: Read about the departure of Columbus; the coming of his friend, Santangel; the return to the queen.

Read again the description of the voyage: (1) The departure from Palos; (2) the ocean; (3) the landing.

Repeat the questions and the cries of the sailors.

Pronounce correctly: *Pä'lōs*, *Ca nā'ry*, *A mēr'i ca*.



THE SONS OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

There was once a king of England who was called William the Conqueror, and he had three sons.

One day King William was very sad. He seemed to be in deep thought about something which troubled him. The wise men who were about him noticed this, and asked him what was the matter.

"I am thinking of what my sons may do after I am dead," he said. "For unless they are wise and brave they cannot keep the kingdom which I will leave to them. Indeed, I do not yet know which one of them ought to be the king when I am gone."

"O king!" said the wise men, "if you will only tell us what things your sons admire the most, we can then advise you; for we shall know what kind of men they will be."

The king answered: "All my life has been spent in fighting and in ruling, and I have had no time to spend with my sons. I cannot tell what they admire."

"Perhaps we can find out by asking them," said

the wise men. "Perhaps we may in that way be able to know which of them will be the best fitted to rule in your place."

"That is a good thought," said the king. "Let the boys be brought in, and then ask them anything you please."

The wise men talked together for a little while; then they agreed that the young princes should be brought in, one at a time, and that the same question should be put to each.

The first who came in was Robert, the eldest. He was a tall, willful lad, and had been nicknamed "Short Stocking."

"Fair sir," said one of the men, "answer me this question: If, instead of being a boy, it had pleased God that you should be a bird, what kind of bird would you rather be?"

"A hawk," answered Robert. "I would rather be a hawk."

"Why?"

"Because no other bird is so much like a bold knight, so proud, so daring, and so fond of adventure."

The next who came in was young William, his father's namesake and favorite. His face was jolly and round, and because he had red hair he was nicknamed "Rufus," or "the Red."

"Fair sir," said the wise man, "answer me this question: If, instead of being a boy, it had pleased God that you should be a bird, what kind of bird would you rather be?"

"Why, an eagle, of course," answered William. "I would rather be an eagle."

"Why?"

"Because the eagle is both strong and brave. He



makes all the other birds fear him, and therefore he is their king and rules over them."

Lastly came the youngest brother, Henry, with quiet steps and a thoughtful look. He had been taught to read and write, and for that reason he was nicknamed "Beauclerc," or the "Handsome Scholar."

"Fair sir," said the wise man, "answer me this question: If, instead of being a boy, it had pleased God that you should be a bird, what kind of bird would you rather be?"

"A starling," said Henry.

"Why?"

"Because the starling is good-mannered and kind, and a joy to every one who sees it. It is saving of what belongs to it, and never robs its neighbor."

Then the wise men talked with one another for a little while. They talked of the answers which the three princes had given, and of the manner in which each had spoken. When they had agreed among themselves, they spoke to the king.

"Sir," they said, "we have talked with your sons, and we have learned what will be the destiny of each. Your eldest son, Robert, will be bold and gallant, and thoughtless of every one but himself. He will do some great deeds; but in the end his foes will overcome him and he will die in prison.

"The second son, William, will be as brave and strong as the eagle; but he will be feared and hated for his cruel deeds. He will live a selfish, wicked life, and will die a shameful death.

"The youngest son, Henry, will be prudent and peaceful. He will make war only when forced to do

so. He will be loved at home and respected abroad. He will gain much wealth and die in peace."

Years passed, and the three boys had grown to be men. King William lay upon his deathbed, and again he thought of what his sons would do when he was gone. He remembered what the wise men had told him, but he did not believe it to be true. So he declared that Robert should have the lands which he held in France, that William Rufus should be king of England, and that Henry should have no land at all, but only a chest full of gold.

And in the end things happened very much as the wise men had foretold.

Robert was bold and reckless, like the hawk which he so much admired. He lost all the lands that his father had left him, and was at last shut up in a dungeon and kept there till he died.

William was so overbearing and cruel that all his people feared and hated him. He lived a wicked life, and was killed while hunting in the forest.

Henry had not only a chest of gold, but he became in time the king of England, and the ruler of all the lands his father had held in France.

WORD STUDY: Learn to spell and pronounce: *Conqueror*, *Rufus*, *Beauclerc* (bō'klärk), *favorite*.



THANKSGIVING AT THE FARM

The apples were all gathered ; the yellow pumpkins had been brought in from the field ; the corn had been husked. There had been an abundant harvest, and everybody was happy. The six children who were visiting at the farm were full of glee, for Thanksgiving Day was near at hand.

What a bustle there was in the kitchen ! And, oh, the pies and cakes and other good things that Aunt Mary was baking for the great feast ! Everybody was busy. The little girls helped with the milk and butter,

they sorted the cranberries, they put the dishes in order. The boys brought in the wood to feed the fire under the big oven; they washed the potatoes, they cracked the nuts, they ran on errands.

When there was nothing else for the children to do, they sat on the kitchen steps and snuffed the sweet odors with which the air was filled. And when, at last, the day itself came, their appetites were so sharpened that they could hardly wait for the dinner hour.

"I wonder if the Pilgrims were as hungry on Thanksgiving morning as we are," said Ned.

"The Pilgrims? Who are they?" asked Tommy, whose knowledge of history was very slight.

"Why, they were the people who first thought of Thanksgiving," said Dorothy. "They were so happy that they invited the Indians to eat dinner with them, and they gave thanks for three days."

"Whoo-ee! I wish I had been there," said Tommy.

At last the dinner bell tinkled, and the six children took their places quietly around the table.

"Just look at that turkey!" whispered Henry, as they sat impatiently waiting for Uncle John to do the carving. "Did you ever see so fine a bird?"

"And see the pies!" said Rose. "I never knew they had so many different kinds of pie — apple, and mince, and pumpkin, and —"

"And huckleberry, and custard!" interrupted Tommy.

"Well, I picked the huckleberries," said Ned.

"And I pared the apples," said Rose.

"And I fed the turkey," said Henry. "That's why he is so fat."

"Children," said Uncle John, as he finished serving the plates, "do you know what is the best way to have a good time on Thanksgiving Day?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Ned. "It's to eat a good dinner!"

"I think that the best way to have a good time is to help somebody else," said Bessie, speaking now for the first time.

"Let's hear about it, Bessie," said Aunt Mary; and all the others echoed, "Let's hear about it!"

Then, while the boys and girls were doing ample justice to the turkey and the cranberries, Bessie in a clear, sweet voice recited the following poem:

A GOOD TIME

Said good Grandfather Gay,

"On a Thanksgiving day,

If you want a good time, give something away."

So he sent a fat turkey to shoemaker Price,

And the shoemaker said, "What a big bird! How nice!

And with such a good dinner I ought

To give Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."

“This fine chicken — oh, see !” said the pleased Mrs.
Lee ;

“And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me !
I would like to make some one as happy as I ;
So I’ll give Mrs. Murphy my big pumpkin pie.”

“And oh, sure !” poor Mrs. Murphy said, “’Tis the
queen of pies !

Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes.
Now it’s my turn, I think. So a sweet ginger cake
For the motherless Finnigan children I’ll bake.”

Said the Finnigan children — Rose, Danny, and Hugh,
“ It smells sweet of spice, and we’ll carry a slice
To little lame Jake, who has nothing nice.”

“ Oh, I thank you, and thank you,” said little lame Jake,
“ Oh, what a beautiful, beautiful cake !
And, oh, such a big slice ! I’ll save all the crumbs,
And will give them to each little sparrow that comes.”

And the sparrows they twittered, as though they
would say,
Like good Grandfather Gay, “On a Thanksgiving
day,
If you want a good time, give something away.”

THE BROWNIES¹

I

"Children are a burden," said the tailor, as he sat on his bench stitching away.

"Children are a blessing," said the kind lady in the window.

It was the tailor's mother who spoke. She was a very old woman and nearly helpless. All day she sat in a large armchair knitting rugs.

"What have my two lads ever done to help me?" continued the tailor, sadly. "They do nothing but play. If I send Tommy on an errand, he loiters. If I ask him to work, he does it so unwillingly that I would rather do it myself. Since their mother died I have indeed had a hard time."

At this moment the two boys came in, their arms full of moss which they dropped on the floor.

"Is there any supper, grandmother?" asked Tommy.

"No, my child, only some bread for breakfast to-morrow."

"Oh, grandmother, we are so hungry!" and the boy's eyes filled with tears.

"What can I do for you, my poor children?" said the good woman.

¹ By Juliana Horatia Ewing, an English writer (1841-1885).

"Tell us a story, please, so that we can forget we are hungry. Tell us about the brownie that used to live in your grandfather's house. What was he like?"

"Like a little man, they say."

"What did he do?"

"He came early in the morning before any one in the house was awake, and lighted the fire and swept the room and set out the breakfast. He never would be seen and was off before they could catch him. But they often heard him laughing and playing about the house."

"Did they give him any wages, grandmother?"

"No, my dear, he did the work for love. They always set a pan of clear water for him, and now and then a bowl of bread and milk."

"Oh, grandmother, where did he go?"

"The Old Owl in the woods knows; I do not. When I was young many people used to go to see the Old Owl at moonrise, and ask her what they wanted to know."

"How I wish a brownie would come and live with us!" cried Tommy.

"So do I," said Johnny.

"Will you let us set out a pan of water for the brownie, father?" asked Tommy.

"You may set out what you like, my lad, but you must go to bed now."

The boys brought out a pan of water. Then they climbed the ladder to the loft over the kitchen.

Johnny was soon in the land of dreams, but Tommy lay awake thinking how he could find a brownie and get him to live in the house. "There is an owl that lives in the grove," he thought. "It may be the Old Owl herself. When the moon rises, I'll go and find her."

II

The moon rose like gold and went up in the heavens like silver. Tommy opened his eyes and ran to the window. "The moon has risen," said he, "and it is time for me to go." Downstairs he crept softly and out into the still night.

"Hoot! hoot!" cried a voice from the grove near the house.

"That's the Old Owl," thought Tommy. He ran to a big tree and looked up. There he saw the Old Owl, sitting on a branch and staring at him with yellow eyes.

"Oh, dear!" said Tommy, for he did not like the Owl very well.

"Come up here! Come up here!" she cried.

Tommy climbed the tree and sat face to face with her on the big branch.

"Now, what do you want?" said the Owl.

"Please," said Tommy, "I want to know where to find the brownies, and how to get one to come and live with us."

"Oo-hoo! oo-hoo!" said the Owl. "That's it, is it? I know of three brownies."

"Hurrah!" said Tommy. "Where do they live?"

"In your house," said the Owl.

"In our house! Whereabouts? Why don't they work?" cried Tommy.

"One of them is too little," said the Owl.

"But why don't the other two do something?" said Tommy. "Nobody does any work at our house except father."

"They are idle, they are idle," said the Old Owl.

"Then we don't want them," said Tommy. "What is the use of having brownies in the house if they do nothing to help us?"

"Perhaps they don't know what to do."

"I wish you would tell me where to find them," said Tommy. "I could tell them what to do."

"Could you, could you? Oo-hoo! oo-hoo!" and Tommy could not tell whether the Owl was hooting or laughing.

"Of course I could. They might get up early in the morning and sweep the house, and light the fire,

and spread the table before my father comes downstairs."

"So they might!" said the Owl. "Well, I can tell you where to find one of the brownies, and he can tell you where to find his brother. Go to the north side of the pond, where the moon is shining on the water, turn yourself around three times, while you say this charm:

'Twist me and turn me and show me the elf—

I looked in the water and saw—'

Then look in the water, and think of a word which rhymes with 'elf' and makes the charm complete."

Tommy knew the place very well. He ran to the north side of the pond, and turning himself around three times, he repeated the charm. Then he looked in and saw—himself.

"Why, there's no one but myself. I can't think of the right word. What can it be? I'll go back and ask the Old Owl," thought Tommy. And back he went. There sat the Owl as before.

"Oo-hoo," said she, as Tommy climbed up. "Did you find out the word?"

"No," said Tommy, "I could find no word that rhymes with 'elf' except 'myself.'"

"Well, that is the word! Now, do you know where your brother is?"

"In bed in the loft," said Tommy.

"Then all your questions are answered. Good night;" and the Old Owl began to shake her feathers.

"Don't go yet," said Tommy, humbly; "I don't understand you. I am not a brownie, am I?"

"Yes, you are, and a very idle one, too," said the Old Owl. "All children are brownies."

"But are there really any brownies except children?" inquired Tommy, in a dismal tone.

"No, there are not. Now listen to me, Tommy. Little people can do only little things. When they are idle and mischievous, they are called boggarts, and they are a burden to the house they live in. When they are thoughtful and useful, they are brownies, and are a blessing to every one."

"I'll be a brownie," said Tommy. "I won't be a boggart. Now I'll go home and tell Johnny."

"I'll take you home," said the Owl, and in a moment Tommy found himself in bed, with Johnny sleeping by his side.

"How quickly we came," said Tommy to himself. "But is it morning? That is very strange! I thought the moon was shining. Come, Johnny, get up, I have a story to tell you."



III

While his brother was rubbing his eyes Tommy told him of his visit to the Old Owl in the grove.

"Is that all true?" asked Johnny.

"It is all just as I tell you, and if we don't want to be boggarts, we must get up and go to work."

"I won't be a boggart," said Johnny, and so the two brownies crept softly down the ladder into the kitchen. "I will light the fire," said Tommy. "And you, Johnny, can dig some potatoes to roast for

breakfast." They swept the room and laid the table. Just as they were putting the potatoes in a dish they heard footsteps.

"There's father," said Tommy ; "we must run."

The poor tailor came wearily down the stairs. Morning after morning he had found an untidy room and an empty table. But now when he entered the kitchen, he looked around in great surprise. He put his hand out to the fire to see if it was really warm. He touched the potatoes and looked at the neat room. Then he shouted, "Mother, mother ! boys, boys, the brownie has come !"

There was great excitement in the small house, but the boys said nothing. All day the tailor talked about the brownie. "I have often heard of the Little People," he said, "but this is wonderful. To come and do the work for a pan of cold water ! Who would have believed it ?"

The boys said nothing until they were both in bed. Then Tommy said : "The Old Owl was right, and we must stick to the work if we don't want to be boggarts. But I don't like to have father thinking that we are still idle. I wish he knew that we are the brownies."

"So do I," said Johnny.

Day after day went by and still the boys rose

early, and each day they found more and more to do. The brownies were the joy of the tailor's life.

One day a message came for the tailor to go to a farmhouse several miles away. The farmer gave him an order for a suit of clothes, and paid him at once. Full of joy at his good fortune, he hurried home. As he came near the house, he saw that the garden had been weeded. "It's that brownie!" he said; "and I shall make a suit of clothes for him."

"If you make clothes for the brownie, he will leave the house," said the grandmother.

"Not if the clothes are a good fit, mother. I shall measure them by Tommy, for they say the brownies are about his size."

At last a fine new suit with brass buttons was finished and laid out for the brownie.

"Don't the clothes look fine?" said Tommy, when he came down in the morning; "I'll try them on."

The tailor rose earlier than usual that day, for he wished to catch a glimpse of the brownies. He went softly downstairs. There was Johnny sweeping the floor, and Tommy trying on the new suit.

"What does this mean?" shouted the father.

"It's the brownies," said the boys.

"This is no joke," cried the tailor, angrily. "Where are the real brownies, I say?"

"We are the only brownies, father," said Tommy.

"I can't understand this. Who has been sweeping the kitchen lately, I should like to know?"

"We have," said the boys.

"Who gets breakfast and puts things in order?"

"We do! we do!" they shouted.

"But when do you do it?"

"Early in the morning before you come down."

"But if you do the work, where is the brownie?"

"Here," cried the boys; "we are the brownies, and we are sorry that we were boggarts so long."

The father was delighted to find how helpful his boys had become. The grandmother, however, could hardly believe that a real brownie had not been in the house. But as she sat in her chair day after day watching the boys at their work, she often repeated her favorite saying, "Children are a blessing."

EXPRESSION: Read again the conversation between the tailor and his mother. Try to show what each thought about children. Repeat the conversation between the boys. Read again the conversation between Tommy and the owl. Which of all these conversations do you like best? Why?

WORD STUDY: (1) *helpless, blessing, blessed, message*; (2) *helpful, useful, thoughtful, wonderful*; (3) *brownie, boggart, burden*; (4) *crept, swept, soft, loft*; (5) *elf, self, myself, yourself*.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S PETS

The story of Robinson Crusoe was written about two hundred years ago. Its author was Daniel Defoe, an Englishman. Although written for the amusement of grown-up people, it has always been a favorite with boys, and there are few books that are more pleasing to them.

Robinson Crusoe, when a lad, was very anxious to become a sailor. As soon as he was old enough, he went to sea. He sailed to many strange lands and saw many wonderful things. At last, in a terrible storm his ship was wrecked. All the rest of the sailors were drowned; and he was cast by the waves upon the shore of an uninhabited island.

He says: Here I was lord of the whole island; in



fact, a king. I had wood with which I might build a fleet, and grapes, if not corn, to freight it. I had fish and fowls and wild goats and hares and other game.

Still I was a long way out of the course of ships. Oh, how dull it was to be cast on this lonely spot, with no one to love, no one to make me laugh, no one to make me weep, no one to make me think.

It was dull to roam, day by day, from the wood to the shore, and from the shore back to the wood, and feed on my thoughts, all the while.

So much for the sad view of my case ; but, like most things, it had a bright side as well as a dark one. For here I was safe on land, while all the ship's crew were lost.

But what led me most to give up my dull thoughts were my four pets. They were two cats, a bird, and a dog.

You may easily understand how fond I was of these pets ; for they were all the friends left to me. My dog sat at meals with me, and one cat on each side of me, on stools ; and we had Poll, the parrot, to talk to us.

When the rain kept me indoors, it was good fun to teach my pet bird Poll to talk ; but so mute were all things round me, that the sound of my own voice made me start up in fright.

Once, when quite worn out with the toil of the day,

I lay down in the shade and slept. You may judge what a start I gave when a voice woke me out of my sleep and spoke my name three times.

A voice in this wild place ! To call my name, too ! Then the voice said, "Crusoe, Crusoe, where are you ? Where have you been ? How came you here ?" I looked up and saw who it was. On a branch of a tree sat Poll, and she was but saying some words that I had taught her.

My brave and faithful dog was most useful. He would fetch things for me at all times, and by his bark, his growl, and his tricks, he would well-nigh talk to me.

Yet none of my pets could give me thought for thought. If I could but have some one near me to find fault with, or to find fault with me, what a rich treat it would have been !

EXPRESSION: Read aloud what is said about the story of Robinson Crusoe.

Read the first paragraph about Robinson himself.

Each one may read a paragraph telling something that Robinson said. Try to tell what the paragraph is about.

Pronounce these words correctly and distinctly :

<i>Rob'in son Cru'soe</i>	<i>těr'rĭ ble</i>	<i>view</i>	<i>freight</i>
<i>Dan'iel De foe'</i>	<i>un der stand'</i>	<i>wrecked</i>	<i>fright</i>
<i>un in hab'it ed</i>	<i>a muse'ment</i>	<i>drowned</i>	<i>friends</i>

A CHRISTMAS FAIRY¹

It was getting very near to Christmas time, and all the boys at Miss Ware's school were talking about going home for the holidays.

"I shall go to the Christmas festival," said Bertie Fellows, "and my mother will give a party and Aunt Mary will give another. Oh! I shall have a splendid time at home."

"My Uncle Bob is going to give me a pair of skates," remarked Harry Wadham.

"My father is going to give me a bicycle," put in George Alderson.

"Will you bring it back to school with you?" asked Harry.

"Oh, yes, if Miss Ware doesn't say no!"

"Well, Tom," cried Bertie, "where are you going to spend your holidays?"

"I am going to stay here," answered Tom, in a very forlorn voice.

"Here — at school — oh, dear! Why can't you go home?"

"I can't go home to India," answered Tom.

"Nobody said you could. But haven't you any relatives anywhere?"

¹ By John Strange Winter (Mrs. H. E. V. Stannard), an English writer.

Tom shook his head. "Only in India," he said sadly.

"Poor fellow! That's hard luck for you. I'll tell you what it is, boys, if I couldn't go home for the holidays, — especially at Christmas, — I think I would just sit down and die."

"Oh! no, you wouldn't," said Tom. "You would get ever so homesick, but you wouldn't die. You would just get through somehow, and hope something would happen before next year, or that some kind fairy would —"

"There are no fairies nowadays," said Bertie. "See here, Tom, I'll write and ask my mother to invite you to go home with me for the holidays."

"Will you, really?"

"Yes, I will. And if she says yes, we shall have such a splendid time. We live in London, you know, and have lots of parties and fun."

"Perhaps she will say no," suggested poor little Tom.

"My mother isn't the kind that says no," Bertie declared loudly.

In a few days' time a letter arrived from Bertie's mother. The boy opened it eagerly. It said:

"My own dear Bertie,

"I am very sorry to tell you that little Alice is ill with scarlet fever. And so you cannot come home for

your holidays. I would have been glad to have you bring your little friend with you if all had been well here.

"Your father and I have decided that the best thing that you can do is to stay at Miss Ware's. We shall send your Christmas to you as well as we can.

"It will not be like coming home, but I am sure you will try to be happy, and make me feel that you are helping me in this sad time.

"Dear little Alice is very ill, very ill indeed. Tell Tom that I am sending a box for both of you with two of everything. And tell him that it makes me so much happier to know that you will not be alone.

"Your own Mother."

When Bertie Fellows received this letter, which ended all his Christmas hopes and joys, he hid his face upon his desk and sobbed aloud. The lonely boy from India, who sat next to him, tried to comfort his friend in every way he could think of. He patted his shoulder, and whispered many kind words to him.

At last Bertie put the letter into Tom's hands. "Read it," he sobbed.

So Tom then understood the cause of Bertie's grief.

"Don't fret over it," he said at last. "It might be worse. Why, your father and mother might be thou-

sands of miles away, as mine are. When Alice is better, you will be able to go home. And it will help



your mother if she thinks you are almost as happy as if you could go now."

Soon Miss Ware came to tell Bertie how sorry she was for him.

"After all," said she, smiling down on the two boys, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Poor Tom has been expecting to spend his holidays alone, and now he will have a friend with him. Try to look on the bright side, Bertie, and to remember how much

worse it would have been if there had been no boy to stay with you."

"I can't help being disappointed, Miss Ware," said Bertie, his eyes filling with tears.

"No; you would be a strange boy if you were not. But I want you to try to think of your poor mother, and write her as cheerfully as you can."

"Yes," answered Bertie; but his heart was too full to say more.

The last day of the term came, and one by one or two by two, the boys went away, until only Bertie and Tom were left in the great house. It had never seemed so large to either of them before.

"It's miserable," groaned poor Bertie, as they strolled into the schoolroom. "Just think if we were on our way home now — how different!"

"Just think if I had been left here by myself," said Tom.

"Yes," said Bertie; "but you know when one wants to go home he never thinks of the boys that have no home to go to."

The evening passed, and the two boys went to bed. They told stories to each other for a long time before they could go to sleep. That night they dreamed of their homes, and felt very lonely. Yet each tried to be brave, and so another day began.

This was the day before Christmas. Quite early in the morning came the great box of which Bertie's mother had spoken in her letter. Then, just as dinner had come to an end, there was a peal at the bell, and a voice was heard asking for Tom Egerton.

Tom sprang to his feet, and flew to greet a tall, handsome lady, crying, "Aunt Laura! Aunt Laura!"

Aunt Laura explained that she and her husband had arrived in London only the day before. "I was so afraid, Tom," she said, "that we should not get here until Christmas Day was over, and that you would be disappointed. So I would not let your mother write you that we were on our way home. You must get your things packed up at once, and go back with me to London. Then uncle and I will give you a splendid time."

For a minute or two Tom's face shone with delight. Then he caught sight of Bertie, and turned to his aunt.

"Dear Aunt Laura," he said, "I am very sorry, but I can't go."

"Can't go? — and why not?"

"Because I can't go and leave Bertie here all alone," he said stoutly. "When I was going to be alone he wrote and asked his mother to let me go home with him. She could not have either of us be-

cause Bertie's sister has scarlet fever. He has to stay here, and he has never been away from home at Christmas before, and I can't go away and leave him by himself, Aunt Laura."

For a minute, Aunt Laura looked at the boy as if she could not believe him. Then she caught him in her arms and kissed him.

"You dear little boy, you shall not leave him. You shall bring him along, and we shall all enjoy ourselves together. Bertie, my boy, you are not very old yet, but I am going to teach you a lesson as well as I can. It is that kindness is never wasted in this world."

And so Bertie and Tom found that there was such a thing as a fairy, after all.

EXPRESSION: Do you believe in fairies? Read the story silently, and then tell who the Christmas fairy was.

What season is named in the story?

Read the story in parts, as follows:

- (1) What happened the first day?
- (2) What happened in a few days' time?
- (3) What happened on Christmas day?

Read again the conversation of the boys when they were first talking of going home. Read what Tom said to Aunt Laura. Read her replies.

What sentence on page 94 is best worth remembering?

WORD STUDY: *skates, scarlet; suggested, disappointed; holidays, relatives; miserable, different; sobbed, declared.*



UNDER A CHESTNUT TREE

I. THE SMITHY

On Brattle Street, in Cambridge, there once stood a blacksmith's shop, or "village smithy." It had been there a great many years, and the music of the blacksmith's hammer and anvil was very familiar and pleasant to the people who lived near by. Close beside the shop there was a great chestnut tree with

spreading branches which hung over the roof and made a delightful shade.

The poet, Henry W. Longfellow, lived in Cambridge, and he often walked down the street past the smithy and the spreading tree. He, as well as the children of the neighborhood, was fond of lingering near the open door and watching the sturdy blacksmith at his work. One evening, upon going home, he sat down and wrote a beautiful poem about it — a poem which all children have loved ever since.

After a time some one wished to build a dwelling-house near the chestnut tree. Some of its long branches were in the way, and they were therefore cut off. This destroyed the beauty of the tree, and it looked so ugly that it was finally cut down.

When Mr. Longfellow saw the destruction of the tree which he had made famous, he was very sad. Many of the children in Cambridge went to Brattle Street to see the choppers at work and to gaze at the grand old tree as it toppled over.

On the day that Mr. Longfellow was seventy-two years old, the school children gave him a handsome armchair made out of the wood of the old chestnut tree. It was finely carved with leaves and chestnut

burs and was upholstered in green leather. Under the cushion there was a brass plate on which was engraved this inscription :

"To the author of the 'Village Blacksmith,' this chair, made from the wood of the spreading chestnut tree, is presented as an expression of grateful regard and veneration by the children of Cambridge, who, with their friends, join in the best wishes and congratulations on this anniversary, February 27, 1879."

II. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH¹

Under a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands ;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands ;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
 His face is like the tan ;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat ;
 He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

¹ By Henry W. Longfellow, an American poet (1807-1882).

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes ;
 Each morning sees some task begun,
 Each evening sees its close ;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught !
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought.

EXPRESSION: Tell in your own words the story of the smithy: (1) where it stood; (2) who liked to linger at the door; (3) what happened to the chestnut tree; (4) what was made from some of the wood of the tree.

Read what the poet says about the smithy.

Read what he says about the smith.

Learn the poem and speak it from memory.

Learn to spell and pronounce these words: *Cām'bridge*; *Brattle*; *sin'ew y*; *meas'ured*; *forge*; *bellows*; *thresh'ing*; *choir*; *rejoice*, *rejoicing*; *Pär'a dise*; *wrought*; *attempted*.

Study the following words and talk with your teacher about their meaning:

<i>poet</i>	<i>beauty</i>	<i>destruction</i>	<i>cushion</i>	<i>congratulations</i>
<i>poem</i>	<i>beautiful</i>	<i>expression</i>	<i>veneration</i>	<i>anniversary</i>

DARE TO BE RIGHT

Dare to be right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to be right! Dare to be true!
The failings of others can never save you.
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero and battle till death.

THE WHISTLE¹

In my opinion we might all be much happier if we would take care not to give too much for *whistles*. For to me it seems that most of the unhappy people we meet are become so by neglect of this caution.

You ask what I mean? You like stories, so you will excuse my telling one of myself.

When I was a child, seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with copper pennies. I started at once to a store where they sold toys for children; but on the way I met another boy who was blowing a *whistle*.

¹ Adapted from a letter written by Benjamin Franklin.

I was so charmed with the sound of the whistle that I offered to give him all my money for it. I then returned home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my bargain; but all the family were disturbed by the noise.

When my brothers and sisters and cousins understood what sort of bargain I had made, they told me I had given four times as much for the toy as it was worth. They put me in mind of the good things I might have bought with the rest of my money. They laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexa-



tion; and the thought of it gave me more shame than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of much use to me. For, often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle*; and I saved my money.

As I grew up and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, *who gave too much for the whistle.*

If now I meet a miser who gives up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, and the joys of benevolent friendship, just for the sake of heaping up wealth, I say, *Poor man, you are paying too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine carriages, for which he goes in debt, thereby losing the respect of his neighbors, I say, *Alas! he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a man neglecting the improvement of his mind, wasting his fortune, or ruining his health for mere pleasure, I say, *Mistaken man, you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you are giving too much for your whistle.*

In short, I believe that most of the miseries which men suffer are brought upon them by their *giving too much for their whistles.*

EXPRESSION: This selection contains several long sentences which you should study with much care before trying to read them aloud. Read each paragraph carefully; then tell what you understand it to mean.

Study these words: *opinion; caution; vexation; action;*
¹ *regain; benevolent; improvement.*

THREE WINTER POEMS

I. WHEN SNOWFLAKES FLY ¹

I think that every season brings
To every boy some pleasant things,
While many choose the summer, I
Prefer the time when snowflakes fly.

What fun it is to hurry out,
Clad in my thickest "roundabout"!

¹ By Clinton Scollard, an American poet.

To take my sled and climb the hill
Above the clatter of the mill,
Where toils the miller hour by hour,
His hat and clothes as white as flour.

There do I meet the other boys,
And no one scolds us for our noise.
All in a line we downward go
Across the race-course of the snow ;
Our steel-shod steeds they never tire,
And never have to seek the fire ;
Though sometimes, when the north wind blows,
We have to warm our ears and toes.

Although of coasting I am fond,
I love to skate upon the pond,
To have a game of "tag," or play
At "hockey," or at "pull away,"
Or out of broken branch and twig
And reeds to build a bonfire big.

But no one finds it very nice
To tumble down upon the ice,
For, if you chance to hit your head,
It seems as though you must be dead,
And carried to some land on high
Among the stars up in the sky,

Since stars and stars are all you see,
And it gets dark as dark can be.

Some boys like summer best, but I
Prefer the time when snowflakes fly!

II. THE NIGHT WIND¹

(To be Memorized)

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yooooo"?

'Tis a pitiful sound to hear.

It seems to chill you through and through

With a strange and speechless fear.

It's the voice of the night that broods outside

When folks should be asleep;

And many and many's the time I've cried

To the darkness that brooded far and wide

Over the land and the deep:

"Whom do you want, O lonely night,

That you wail the long hours through?"

And the night would say in its ghostly way:

"Yoo — oo — oo — oo! Yoo — oo — oo — oo!

Yoo — oo — oo — oo!"

¹By Eugene Field, an American writer (1850-1895).

My mother told me long ago

(When I was a little lad),

That when the night went wailing so,

Somebody had been bad.

And then, when I was snug in bed,

Whither I had been sent,

With the blankets drawn up around my head,

I'd think of what my mother'd said,

And wonder what boy she meant.

"And who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask

Of the wind that hoarsely blew.

And that voice would say in its awful way :

"Yoo — oo — oo — oo! Yoo — oo — oo — oo!

Yoo — oo — oo — oo!"

That this was true I must allow —

You'll not believe it though! —

Yes, though I'm quite a model now,

I was not always so.

And if you doubt what things I say,

Suppose you make the test;

Suppose when you've been bad some day,

And up to bed you're sent away

From mother and the rest —

Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"

And then you'll hear what's true.

For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone :

“Yoo — oo — oo — oo ! Yoo — oo — oo — oo !
Yoo — oo — oo — oo !”

III. THE FROST¹

(To be Memorized)

The frost looked forth one still, clear night
And whispered, “Now I shall be out of sight,
So through the valley and over the height

 In silence I'll take my way ;
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
 But I'll be as busy as they.”

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest,
He lit on the trees and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads, and over the breast

 Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail that need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin far and near
 Where a rock could rear its head.

¹ By Hannah F. Gould, an American writer (1789-1856).

He went to the windows of those who slept,
 And over each pane like a fairy crept.
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
 By the light of the moon were seen
 Most beautiful things ; there were flowers and trees,
 There were bevvies of birds and swarms of bees,
 There were cities, with temples, and towers, and these
 All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair :
 He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare ;
 “ Now, just to set them a-thinking —
 I'll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
 “ This costly pitcher I'll break in three,
 And the glass of water they've left for me
 Shall *'tchick* to tell them I'm drinking.”

EXPRESSION: Do these poems describe winter as you know it? What sign of the season is described in each? Which poem do you enjoy most? Why?

Read your choice in a manner that shows your liking for it.

WORD STUDY: Study the following words, and spell each of them by sound:

<i>all</i>	<i>out</i>	<i>point</i>	<i>you</i>	<i>blue</i>
<i>warm</i>	<i>doubt</i>	<i>noise</i>	<i>true</i>	<i>bluster</i>
<i>awful</i>	<i>down</i>	<i>voice</i>	<i>through</i>	<i>blanket</i>

Learn to spell and pronounce: *pitiful* ; *ghostly* ; *hoarsely* ; *ruefullest* ; *margin* ; *quivering* ; *bev'ies* ; *'tchick*.

LINCOLN AND HIS BOOKS

When Abraham Lincoln was a boy, he had but few of the opportunities which most boys now have. In



the poor log cabin which was his home, there were no lamps to give light at night, and the few candles which Mrs. Lincoln sometimes made were too precious to be used on common occasions. But there was a big fireplace in one end of the house, and there was

plenty of wood for the cutting ; and here, on winter evenings, there was always a bright blaze which lighted up the entire room.

It was in front of this fire that Lincoln, night after night, studied his books. Sometimes he sat in the corner with his back to the fire, so that the light would shine over his shoulder and fall upon the book that he was reading. Sometimes, after the rest of the family had gone to bed, he would throw pieces of bark, one after another, upon the coals, thus making a sufficient light until late in the night.

In this way he studied arithmetic. He had no slate nor paper to write upon ; but instead of these he used a smooth board or a large wooden shovel. Instead of pencils, he used pieces of charcoal. When the board or shovel was full of figures, he would take a knife and scrape it smooth and clean, ready for the next night's work.

In the Lincoln home there were only three or four books. One of these was the "Pilgrim's Progress" by John Bunyan ; another was an old and much-worn copy of Æsop's "Fables." The Bible was the book best known to all the family. Abraham read all of these books, and whenever he heard of a new book at the house of any of the neighbors he was sure to borrow it.

One day he walked two or three miles to borrow a copy of Weems's "Life of Washington" which was owned by a farmer named Josiah Crawford. As he walked homeward, he opened the book and began to read. It seemed to him a very wonderful story, and his heart was filled with a wish to become a man like George Washington.

When he reached home he read until supper time. After supper he read by the flickering firelight until the last log of wood had been burned to ashes. It must have been past midnight when he crept up the ladder to his bed under the roof. He carried the book with him, and laid it in a crack between two logs, so that in the early morning he could finish reading it before rising from his bed.

Just before daylight he was roused from sleep by hearing the pattering of rain on the roof. He reached out for the book and was dismayed to find that it was soaked with rain. He hurried down, built a fire, and dried the volume so that he could finish reading it — but, do what he could, it would never look like the same book.

After breakfast he carried it back to its owner. "I'm very sorry," he said, "but the book is ruined. What can I do to make it all right with you?"

Mr. Crawford said that the book was worth seventy-

five cents and that he needed some help in his cornfield. If Abraham would work for him three days, it would be all right and he might have the book for his own.

The lad was pleased with the arrangement. For three long autumn days he toiled, gathering corn and pulling weeds. And thus he became the owner of a volume which he esteemed as one of his greatest treasures.

He read the story of Washington many times over. He carried the book with him to the field, and read it during his moments of leisure. From that time, the one great hero whom he admired most was George Washington. Why could not he model his life after that of Washington? Why could not he also be a doer of great things for his country? He resolved that he would at least be manly and true, and would do his best at all times.

EXPRESSION: Name the subject of this lesson. Who was he? Talk with your teacher about him.

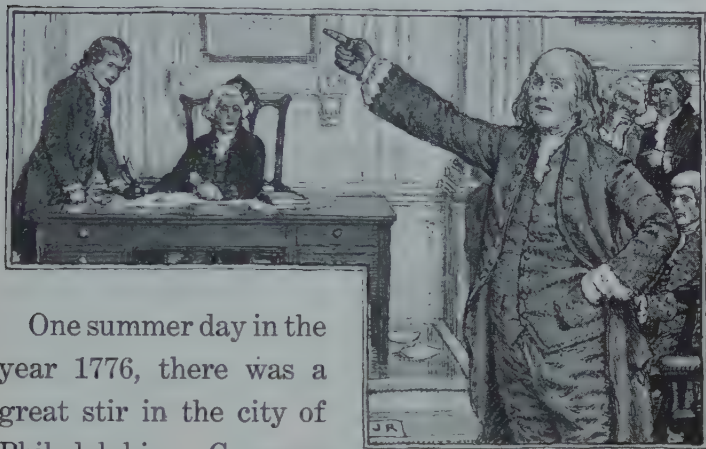
Try to make a picture in your mind of Lincoln reading by the fireside. Now describe your picture.

Read the paragraphs which show Lincoln's lack of many of the common blessings which you enjoy.

What books did he have? Read the story of the borrowed book. Tell your opinion of the boy Lincoln.

WORD STUDY: Pronounce these words carefully: *Æsop's Fables*; *Pilgrim's Progress*; *Weems's*; *seventy-five cents*; *volume*; *treasures*; *resolved*; *occasions*; *opportunities*.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



One summer day in the year 1776, there was a great stir in the city of Philadelphia. Congress was sitting in the hall of the State House. The streets were full of people; everybody seemed anxious; everybody wanted to know what was being done.

Men were talking about the war that was going on with England. They were crowding around the State House and listening to what was being said inside.

“Who is speaking now?” asked one.

“John Adams,” was the answer.

In a little while the question was asked again, “Who is speaking now?”

“Dr. Franklin.”

“Good! Let them follow his advice, for he knows what is best.” And then everybody was very still,

for all wanted to hear what the great Dr. Franklin was saying.

After a while there was a stir among the listeners, and those who were farthest away again asked, "Who is speaking now?"

"Thomas Jefferson of Virginia," was the answer. "It was he and Dr. Franklin who wrote it."

"Wrote what?"

"Why, the Declaration of Independence, of course, — the thing they are talking about now."

A little later, some one said, "They are reading it and discussing each passage. They will be ready to sign it soon."

"But will they dare to sign it?"

"Dare? These men will dare to do anything for the good of their country."

The truth is that for many days the wise and brave men who were then sitting in the hall had been talking about the acts of the king of England. For, up to that time, our country had belonged to England and was ruled by the English king.

One after another of these men told how the king and his councilors had sought to oppress the American people.

"He has cut off our trade with all parts of the world," said one.

"He has made us pay taxes to enrich himself, and he doesn't allow us to say a word about making the country's laws," said another.

"He has sent his soldiers among us to burn our towns and kill our people," said a third.

"He has hired the Indians to make war upon us," said a fourth.

"He is a tyrant and unfit to be the ruler of a free people," agreed they all.

Then Richard Henry Lee of Virginia offered a resolution declaring that "*these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states.*"

The resolution was adopted, and Jefferson, Adams, and Franklin were appointed to write down all these statements in the form of a Declaration of Independence.

And it was to hear the reading of this declaration that the people on this hot July morning had gathered around the State House.

At length the bell in the high tower above the hall began to ring.

"It is done!" cried the people. "They have agreed to the Declaration of Independence."

"Yes, most of the members have voted for it," said those nearest the door. "The king of England shall no longer rule over us. We are a free people."

WASHINGTON AND THE SORREL COLT¹

George Washington's father had taken a great deal of pride in his fine horses, and his mother afterwards took similar pride in them. She had several young horses that had not yet been broken, and among these was a beautiful sorrel that was very high-spirited.



No one had been able to do anything with it. Everybody said it was very vicious, as everybody is apt to say of a horse that is full of life and vigor. George Washington was determined to ride this colt and tame it, for he believed that there was no finer animal on his mother's plantation.

¹ Adapted from "George Washington," by Horace E. Scudder.

Early one morning, with some other boys as helpers, he set out for the pasture where the young horses were grazing. It was no easy matter to catch the sorrel colt, but this was finally done, and a bit was put into its mouth. Then, as the other boys stepped aside, Washington sprang upon its back.

The frightened, maddened animal was away with a bound. It tried to throw its rider, but Washington kept his seat and pulled on the reins. The animal reared and plunged, it leaped and ran; but its rider never once lost control of it or failed to bring it back to the place from which it had started.

As if determined not to be mastered, the colt at last sprang high into the air. Then with a groan it fell to the ground, dying. The violence of its struggles had burst a blood vessel.

Soon afterwards, the boys heard the call to breakfast, and all went together to the house, wondering what they should say about the colt.

"Well, young gentlemen," said Mrs. Washington, "I see that you have been out to the pasture. How are all the colts looking? They tell me that the sorrel has grown fast and is a beautiful animal."

The boys looked at one another, and no one liked to speak. The mother saw that something was not right, and she spoke again.

"Did you see the sorrel colt, George?"

"The sorrel colt is dead, madam," answered George. "I killed him." And then he told the whole story.

At first his mother flushed with anger, just as he himself often did; and then, like him, she controlled herself and listened quietly to the end.

"Very well, my son," she said. "I see that it was not altogether your fault. While I am sorry to lose the best colt on the plantation, I am pleased that you are brave enough to tell me the whole truth about it."

Washington's mother taught him many lessons and gave him many rules. It was her own character which shaped his and prepared him for his great career. She taught him to be truthful, not so much by precept as by her own truthfulness.

EXPRESSION: What great American is the subject of this lesson? Try to make a "shut-eye" or mind picture of him when he was mounting the pony.

What opportunities and pleasures did he enjoy that you do not? Compare the boyhood of Washington with that of Lincoln. Read again pages 109-112 and try to get a clear idea of the character and surroundings of each boy.

WORD STUDY: Spell the following words by sound:

<i>are</i>	<i>heard</i>	<i>first</i>	<i>sorrel</i>	<i>vicious</i>	<i>career</i>
<i>air</i>	<i>early</i>	<i>burst</i>	<i>sorry</i>	<i>violence</i>	<i>character</i>
<i>care</i>	<i>learn</i>	<i>flushed</i>	<i>sorrow</i>	<i>vessel</i>	<i>controlled</i>

THE STORY OF RAGGLES

One cold morning in March a poor, ragged-looking little Indian pony came up the road to Mr. Hudson's cattle ranch. He stopped at the gate and looked wistfully through the bars at the stacks of fodder and hay in the barnyard; and then, to make his wants known, he neighed timidly two or three times and stamped his feet on the frozen ground.

"What horse is that?" asked Mr. Hudson, who was sitting at his breakfast.

His little daughter Lillian looked out and saw the pony at the gate. "Oh, it's the funniest, raggedest little creature you ever saw, and he's all alone," she said.

"It's some stray pony from the other side of the prairie, no doubt," said Mr. Hudson.

"But what makes him so thin and ragged?" asked Lillian.

"That's because nobody takes care of him. His master, whoever he may be, has turned him out to shift for himself; and it's pretty hard for a pony to find much food on the bare prairie at this time of the year."

"He must be very hungry," said Lillian. "Shan't we put him in the barn and give him a good breakfast?"

"He doesn't belong to us," answered her father. "If I should drive him out of the lane he will probably find his way home again."

"But see how cold he is," said Lillian. "I'm sure it will do no harm to let him come in a while."

So Mr. Hudson told her to open the gate, and the pony walked in as if he were at home. They gave him a warm stall in the barn and the best breakfast he had eaten in many a day.

The little fellow must have wandered many miles across the prairie; for although Mr. Hudson made inquiries among all his friends and neighbors he could not find any owner. So Lillian claimed him and named him "Raggles" because of his tangled mane and tail.

Raggles soon became a great pet. He was gentle and quick to learn, and his little mistress often took long rides upon his back.

Every morning during the fall and winter Raggles carried Lillian across the prairie to the nearest school, two miles away. Then, when she alighted, he turned and trotted back home. At three o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Hudson would saddle him again and send him for Lillian. If he got to school too early, he would wait patiently at the door till she came out. He seemed to know exactly what was expected of him.

At last one day in midwinter there came a dreadful snowstorm. It was so sudden and so severe that many people lost their lives, and thousands of cattle on the prairies were frozen to death.

Lillian was at school as usual. The storm began at noon, and the air grew terribly cold. The snow blew



so thick and fast that people who were out of doors could see only a little way ahead of them; and several men and boys were frozen to death while trying to go from their barns back to their houses. The roads and paths, and even the fences and hedges were soon hidden under the snow.

How would Lillian get home from school in such a storm as this? Mr. Hudson was ill in bed, and he

was afraid that Raggles could not be trusted to go. But Mrs. Hudson went to the barn, saddled the pony, and tied a bundle of warm wraps for Lillian on his back. Then she stroked his shaggy neck and told him to be sure to bring Lillian safe home.

He seemed to understand, and trotted briskly out in the face of the dreadful storm. How would he find his way over the trackless, snow-covered prairie?

An hour passed, and the storm became fiercer and fiercer. Two hours went by; it was growing dark and the anxiety of Lillian's parents became terrible. Then, to their great joy, the shaggy form of Raggles was seen through the blinding snow, and on his back sat Lillian, bundled up, warm and safe, in the wraps which her mother had sent.

The teacher had helped her on the pony, and Raggles had bravely battled his way through the storm to bear his little mistress home.

EXPRESSION: Was Raggles a good name for the pony? Read from the story your reasons for thinking so. Read how Raggles rewarded the kindness shown to him.

WORD STUDY: Pronounce these words very distinctly:

<i>ragged</i>	<i>shaggy</i>	<i>cattle</i>	<i>saddle</i>	<i>bundle</i>
<i>raggedest</i>	<i>Raggles</i>	<i>battled</i>	<i>saddled</i>	<i>bundled</i>

Accent these words correctly: *in qui'ries*; *mid'win'ter*; *no'bod y*; *prob'a bly*; *anx i'e ty*.

DOING HIS BEST¹

Many years ago there lived in a New England village a boy whose name was Luke Varnum. He was fifteen years old when the War of the Revolution began, and all the men and many of the boys in the village shouldered their guns and marched away to join General Washington's army. But Luke was lame, and could not go with them.

It was with a heavy heart that he bade his father and brothers good-by, and hobbled back into his home. He felt that since he could not be a soldier there was scarcely any use for him in the world. He sat down in the doorway and wept.

Soon he was aroused by hearing the sound of horses galloping down the street. He looked up. Three men came riding to the blacksmith's shop on the other side of the street. It was closed, for the blacksmith had gone away that morning with the other men to join the army.

"Hello!" cried one of the horsemen. "Where's the blacksmith? Is there any one here who can set a shoe?"

Luke Varnum hobbled hastily across the road. "I think I can set it, sir," he said. "I've often tended

¹ By Elihu Burritt, an American writer (1810-1879).

the fire for Jonas, and I've watched him shoe many a horse."

He opened the doors; he hastily kindled a fire in the forge and set the bellows to going. He found a few nails which Jonas had left, and hammered out two others for himself. While he was thus busy, a



fourth horseman came up, walking his horse slowly toward the shop.

"I see that you have found a forge," he said, as the others saluted him. "It is a lucky thing, for my horse could not have held out five miles farther unshod."

Luke pared the horse's hoof and measured the shoe. He found it too large. He heated it white-hot and

bent it to the proper size. Then he nailed it on, and for pride's sake, used first the two nails which he had made himself.

"There!" he said, "it isn't done very well, but I've done my best, and I think the shoe will stay on all right."

"It will do very well," said the rider. "The horse will carry me safely now, but without the shoe he would have been useless."

He mounted and rode rapidly away. But one of his men lingered a minute and said to Luke: "Boy, you have served your country to-day as well as any ten men could have served it. The rider of that horse is Colonel Warner."

When you read some day in books of history how Colonel Warner reached the battlefield of Bennington with his regiment just in time to save the Americans from defeat, you will remember Luke Varnum.

He did what he could, and although it was a little thing, yet it helped to gain a great victory and, by so much, helped to win American independence.

EXPRESSION: Read from the story to show (1) how old Luke was; (2) his appearance; (3) his feelings about being a soldier; (4) how he served his country.

WORD STUDY: *few, Luke, salute, unless; Revolution; regiment; independence; Colonel; Bennington.*

SHORT STORIES FROM THE FAR EAST

I. THE FAWN AND THE LITTLE TIGER¹

A fawn met a little tiger, and said, "What fine stripes you have!"

The little tiger said, "What fine spots you have!"

Then the fawn said: "It would be very pleasant if you and I were to live together as friends. We might then roam through the woods as we like and always be so happy!"

"I should like that," said the tiger.

So the two touched noses, and then went out for a long walk. It was breakfast time.

The fawn saw some fine grass in the meadow, and said to himself, "One should see his friend fed before he satisfies his own hunger." Then he turned to the tiger and said, "Will you have some of this good green grass for your breakfast?"

The tiger put his nose to the grass, but he could not bring himself to feed upon it, for it was against his



¹ An East Indian fable, by Ramaswami Raju.

nature. He sniffed at it again and answered, "I am sorry, but I cannot eat it, my little friend."

Then the fawn said, "Perhaps we have something at home that you would like better for your breakfast. I will run and ask mother."

So the fawn went home and told his mother of the happy friendship he had formed, and of all that had happened since.

"Child, how lucky it is that you have come away!" cried the fawn's mother. "Don't you know that the tiger is the most deadly enemy we have in the woods?"

At these words the pretty fawn came close to her and trembled. His mother ran with him to a safe hiding place. "It is fortunate," she said, "to get away from the wicked at first sight."

II. THE MONKEYS AND THE TREES¹

In a certain city of the East there once lived a great many monkeys.

One day the keeper of the public park thought that he would like to take a vacation. So he called some of the monkeys to him, and said:

"This park has been a home to many of you for a long time, and I know that you are willing to help take care of it. I am going away for a few days.

¹ An old Hindoo story.



Will you promise to water the small trees every day while I am gone?"

"Oh, yes!" said the monkeys.

So he gave them his watering-cans, and went his way.

The next morning the monkeys drew water from the pond and began to water the trees.

"Wait now!" said the chief of the monkeys. "The water is low, and we must not waste it. What if the pond should dry up!"

"True, true!" said the others. "We know the water is low, but what shall we do?"

The chief answered, "I think you should pull up all the trees and notice the length of their roots. Those which have long roots will need much water; but those with short roots will need but little."

"Wisely spoken," said the rest; and then some of them set to work pulling up the trees while others put them in again and watered them.

A stranger who was passing that way saw what

they were doing, and said, "Who told you to pull up those trees?"

"Our chief," they answered.

"Indeed!" said the stranger. "If that is the wisdom of the chief, what must the rest of you be like?"

"Don't blame us," said they. "If the king is not wiser than his subjects, why should he be king?"

Rulers should be chosen for their good sense.

III. WOO SING AND THE MIRROR¹

One day Woo Sing's father brought home a mirror which he had bought in the city.

Woo Sing had never seen a mirror before. It was hung up in the room while he was out at play. He did not understand what it was, but thought he saw another boy looking out of it.

He was very happy, for he supposed that the boy had come to play with him. He spoke to the stranger in a friendly way, but received no answer. He laughed and gayly waved his hand at the boy in the glass, and the boy did exactly the same things.

Then Woo Sing thought, "I will go closer. I do not hear what he says; perhaps he does not hear me." But when he began to walk, the boy in the mirror did the same.

¹ A Chinese story.

Woo Sing stopped. He began to grow angry.

"That boy is mocking me," he said. "He tries to do everything that I do, and he is not at all polite."

The more he thought about it, the angrier he became, and soon he noticed that the boy seemed to be as angry as himself. At length Woo Sing ran up to the mirror and struck at the boy in the glass. Luckily he did no other damage than to hurt his hand. He began to cry, and the boy in the glass began to do the same.

Woo Sing ran to his father. "I don't like the boy you brought home with you. He is very naughty. I wish you would take him back to the city."

"Why so, my child?" asked the father.

"He mocks me," said Woo Sing. "He laughs at me; he strikes at me; he hurt my hand."

"Ah, Woo Sing," said his father, "the boy you saw was your own image. You saw yourself just as you really were. It was yourself who was ugly and unkind; and this should teach you never to show your anger before other people. When you strike without cause, you will hurt yourself worse than any one else."

EXPRESSION: Which of these three stories do you like best? Read each story again so that you will be able to tell (1) who are the characters in it; (2) the time and place mentioned; (3) what was said or done; (4) what lesson is taught.



THE SWARMING OF THE BEES

I

It was a pleasant morning in May. The orchards were white with apple blossoms. There were thousands of wild flowers in the fields and woods.

The bees in the hive had been very busy ever since the warm weather began. To-day they were crowding all about the doorway of their home. Some were flying out to seek sweet things. Some were coming back laden with the pollen of flowers. But most of them were humming and buzzing and rushing hither and thither in a very aimless way.

“It’s time to swarm!” they seemed to be saying.

Several of the best fliers had been sent out as scouts to find a place for a new home. About ten o’clock they came bustling in.

“We’ve found a good place far in the woods,” they said. “Now, swarm! swarm! swarm!”

Now, in every hive there is a queen bee. She is

not only the queen, but she is the mother of all the young bees. Worker bees live only a few weeks. So there must always be young bees to take their places. Without a queen, all would soon perish.

Within the last two weeks thousands of young bees had been hatched, and the hive was crowded. More than this, a young queen had been hatched, and no hive is large enough for two queens at the same time.

At first the old queen was furious. She tried hard to get at the young queen to kill her ; but her attendants held her back. "Have patience," they said.

"Very well, then," said the queen, "I shall take some of my best workers and fly away. We shall find a new home, and the young queen and the rest of the workers may have this hive to live in."

This, then, was why the scouts had been sent out. When they came back with their cry, "Swarm ! swarm ! swarm !" the whole hive was in an uproar.

The bees who were to go with the old queen hurried to fill themselves with honey ; for it might be several days before they could have any in their new home. Then some of them stood as guards by the doorway, while others, with a great buzzing, flew circling about the hive.

"Good-by, my children," buzzed the old queen, looking back at the bees who were to remain in the hive.

Then she bustled out of the doorway and across the narrow platform in front of it. Her bodyguard surrounded her, each one of the guards having its head turned toward her.

"Now, swarm! swarm! swarm!" she cried; and she spread her wings and rose into the air.

The other bees followed her, by thousands and tens of thousands. The air was full of them. Buzz-z-z!

II

"The bees are swarming! The bees are swarming!" shouted the children; and at once everybody was running to see them.

Ned's father hurried to get a new hive ready. Willie, the farmer boy, ran for the stepladder and a saw. Ned's mother began to make a great clatter on the tin dishpan. She said that the noise would confuse the bees and keep them from flying far. But I doubt if the bees cared anything about it.

All this while, the queen bee was circling in the air with her great swarm of subjects. They were getting farther and farther away from their old home.

"This way! this way!" shouted the scouts, moving off toward the hollow tree they had found in the woods. But just then the queen bee circled very close to a green apple bough that happened to be near.

“What a cozy place it is,” she said. “I will stop here and rest awhile.”

So down she went and sat herself securely on the apple bough; and the other bees followed her. One



at a time, ten at a time, a hundred at a time, they alighted around her, about her, until she was at the center of a great ball of bees — a ball as big as your hat. And there the buzzing insects sat and hung, and seemed to care for nothing but to be close to their queen and mother.

And now came Ned's father with the new hive, which he placed on a table right below the great ball of bees. Willie was ready with his stepladder.

Quickly he climbed up to the heavily laden apple bough ; and very gently he cut it away from the tree, holding it firmly so as not to shake off any of the bees.

Then, to the great delight of the children, he descended to the ground, carrying the cluster of bees with him. He held it in front of the new hive, and shook it sharply. Down fell the queen bee upon the table that had been provided for her ; down fell her swarm of startled subjects.

“What has happened ? What has happened ?” they buzzed, as some of them rose into the air, and others began to run wildly around the table.

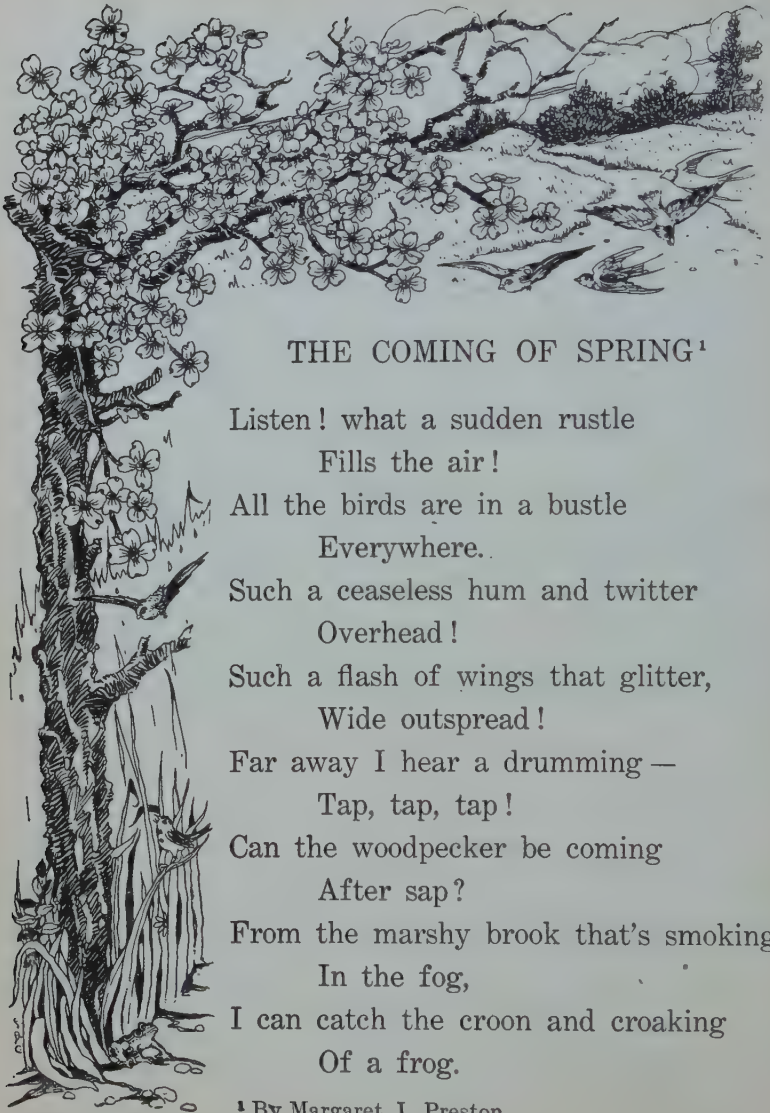
But the queen never lost her senses. She looked around her. She saw the new hive and the open doorway inviting her to come in.

“See here, my children,” she said. “Here is a much better home than any hollow tree in the woods. What’s the use of going any farther ?”

Then with a gentle murmur she led the way into the new hive ; and the swarm crowded after her by hundreds and thousands. Soon all except the guards and the scouts were safely inside of their new home.

“Hum ! hum ! hum ! What a delightful place this is !” said the happy bees to one another.

And the queen answered, “Buzz-z-z !”



THE COMING OF SPRING¹

Listen! what a sudden rustle
 Fills the air!
 All the birds are in a bustle
 Everywhere.
 Such a ceaseless hum and twitter
 Overhead!
 Such a flash of wings that glitter,
 Wide outspread!
 Far away I hear a drumming —
 Tap, tap, tap!
 Can the woodpecker be coming
 After sap?
 From the marshy brook that's smoking
 In the fog,
 I can catch the croon and croaking
 Of a frog.

¹ By Margaret J. Preston.

Dogwood-stars the slopes are studding,
 And I see
 Blooms upon the purple-budding
 Judas tree.
 What does all this haste and hurry
 Mean, I pray —
 All this outdoor flush and flurry
 Seen to-day?
 This presaging stir and humming,
 Chirp and cheer?
 Mean? it means that spring is coming:
 Spring is here!

A SPRING SONG¹

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Spring comes hither, | 2. Summer soars — |
| Buds the rose; | Bright-winged day; |
| Roses wither, | White light pours, |
| Sweet spring goes. | Flies away. |
-
3. Soft winds blow,
 Eastward borne;
 Onward go,
 Toward the morn.

¹ By George Eliot.

A QUEER BIRD

In Australia, on the other side of the world, there lives a strange kind of bird which builds the oddest nest you ever heard about. The true name of this bird is Megapode, but we will turn his name into plain English and call him Big Foot.

Mr. Big Foot is not a large bird. He is not much larger than a quail ; but there is no other bird that builds so big a nest.

When Mr. and Mrs. Big Foot think it about time to build a nest, they begin to gather all the sticks they can find. They pick up leaves, branches, stems, flowers, and small plants, and pile them on the ground where they want their nest.

They keep on with this work every day for a long time. At last they have made a thick, soft bed that is nearly round. It is so large that you would think a hundred such birds could sit upon it. But they do not want to sit upon it.

They now bring sand and earth and little stones and cover it all over. They cover it so well that when it is done, it looks like a hill of earth. It is highest in the center, and slopes down all around, so that when it rains the water will run off.

Sometimes a nest is twelve feet high in the center and thirty feet across at the bottom. It is wonderful that two small birds can build so big a nest. They have been at work a few weeks, and they have piled up a good many wagonloads of sticks, leaves, stones, and sand. What is the use of it all? It surely does not look much like a nest.

In the center of the mound the birds have left a round opening or tunnel. It is large enough for one of them to go into, and it reaches from the top of the nest to the ground.

At the bottom of this tunnel they make a soft bed of leaves, which is their true nest. Then when everything is ready, Mrs. Big Foot begins to lay her eggs. She lays eight, and puts them in a perfect circle in this soft bed at the bottom of the tunnel. But she does not sit on her eggs. She has had enough to do to help build the great house for them.

As soon as all the eggs are in their places, the two birds bid good-bye to their house, and fly away. But at first they do not go far. Mr. Big Foot does not forget the eggs. Almost every day he comes back to see that everything is just right.

Very soon the leaves and plants in the big nest begin to decay, and this makes them warm. The nest is a kind of hot bed, like that which gardeners make

for sprouting plants in the early spring. How strange that the birds should know this !

If the nest seems too warm, when Mr. Big Foot comes to look at it, he takes off some of the leaves



that are about it. If it is not quite warm enough, he covers it with more leaves.

The heat warms the eight eggs, and in a few weeks they are hatched. What, now, will become of the young Big Foots, as they break through the shell and find no mother bird to feed them? For Mr. and Mrs. Big Foot are now in some other part of the forest,

perhaps building another nest. Most birds are helpless when first hatched and need a good deal of care. But not so with the young Big Foots; they are well able to take care of themselves.

As soon as they are out of the shell, they begin to climb up to the top of the tunnel. As they look up they can see only a little of the blue sky; but they will not rest until they have seen more. They are already covered with feathers, and their wings are strong.

Soon they reach the top of the tunnel. They look out and see the beautiful trees on every side. They will go and see the world.

In a few minutes they lift their wings and fly away among the tree tops. No one has taught them to fly, but they know just how it is done. The great forest is all around them, and they can go where they like. There is nobody to care for them, and so they start out bravely to care for themselves.

EXPRESSION: How does Mr. Big Foot compare in size with the quail? Read your answer. Tell all that you remember about (1) the building of the nest; (2) the eggs; (3) the nestlings.

How do these birds differ from most other birds?

WORD STUDY: Learn to spell and pronounce:

Australia

Meg'a pode

wag'on loads

min'utes

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS

I. RICHARD HENRY LEE (*aged nine*) TO GEORGE
WASHINGTON

[Two little boys who grew up to become great and famous men once lived in Westmoreland County, Vir-



ginia. Both were born in the same year — one on the twenty-second of February, the other a month earlier. Their homes were only a few miles apart,

and during boyhood they were firm friends and play-mates. They visited each other often, and sometimes wrote little letters about things that were of interest to them. The older boy was Richard Henry Lee; the younger was George Washington.

A letter that was written in the year 1741, from the home of the Lees, has been preserved until now. There are several misspelled words in it, and some other errors. George Washington's reply to that letter has also been preserved. It is quite correct, and just as it is printed on the next page; but perhaps his mother helped him a little.

Here is what little Richard Henry wrote, but the misspelled words have been corrected:]

To George Washington:

Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures. He got them in Alexandria; they have pictures of dogs and cats and tigers and elephants and ever so many pretty things.

Cousin bids me send you one of them. It has a picture of an elephant and a little Indian boy on his back like Uncle Jo's Sam. Pa says if I learn my tasks well, he will let Uncle Jo take me to see you. Will you ask your ma to let you come to see me?

RICHARD HENRY LEE,

II. GEORGE WASHINGTON'S REPLY

Dear Dickey :

I thank you very much for the picture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures and I showed him all the pictures in it ; and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back and would not let anybody touch his master's little son.

I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word.

Ma says I may go to see you, and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy.

She says I may ride my pony, Hero, if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero.

I have a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me, but I mustn't tell you who wrote the poetry.

G. W's. compliments to R. H. L.,
And likes his book full well.
Henceforth will count him his friend,
And hopes many happy days he may spend.

Your good friend

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

I am going to get a whip top soon, and you may see it and whip it.

III. MACAULAY TO HIS NIECE

[About a hundred years ago there lived in England a child who was almost always talking or reading or writing. That which he once read he never forgot, and by merely glancing at a printed page he could tell all that it contained.

The name of this child was Thomas Babington Macaulay. When he became a man, he still loved to read and talk and write, and his wonderful memory became even more wonderful. He wrote poems, essays, and a history of England which made him famous all over the world. The queen honored him by making him a knight, and he is now commonly called Lord Macaulay. He was forty-two years old when he wrote the following letter :]

' September 15, 1842.

My Dear Baba :

Thanks for your pretty letter. I am always glad to make my little girl happy, and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books.

For when she is as old as I am, she will find that they are better than all the cakes and toys and plays and sights in the world.

If anybody would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners

and coaches and beautiful clothes and hundreds of servants, on condition that I should not read books, I would not be a king.

I would rather be a poor man in a garret, with plenty of books, than a king who did not love reading.

Your affectionate uncle,

T. B. MACAULAY.

IV. THE POET LONGFELLOW TO A LITTLE GIRL

[If the school children of America should be asked to name their favorite poet, there is little doubt that almost every one would say, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He was the friend of children, and as such he wrote many poems which are a delight to young readers everywhere. In the following letter he tells about his own three little girls :]

NAHANT, August 18, 1859.

Your letter followed me down here by the seaside, where I am passing the summer with my three little girls.

The oldest is about your size ; but as little girls keep changing every year, I can never remember exactly how old she is, and have to ask her mamma, who has a better memory than I have. Her name is

Alice. I never forget that. She is a nice girl, and loves poetry almost as much as you do.

The second is Edith, with blue eyes and beautiful golden locks, which I sometimes call her nankeen hair to make her laugh. She is a busy little woman, and wears gray boots.

The youngest is Allegra, which you know means merry; and she is the merriest little thing you ever saw — always singing and laughing all over the house.

These are my three little girls, and Mr. Read has painted them all in one picture, which I hope you will see some day.

They bathe in the sea and dig in the sand and patter about the piazza all day long. Sometimes they go to see the Indians encamped on the shore, and buy baskets and bows and arrows.

I do not say anything about the two boys. They are such noisy fellows it is of no use to talk about them.

And now, Miss Emily, give my love to your papa, and good night, with a kiss from his friend and yours.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

EXPRESSION: Select and copy all the proper names used in these letters. Repeat them aloud until you are sure you will always speak them correctly.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN IN THE WOOD FIRE¹

There's a little Old Man in the fire, somewhere
 In the heart of the blazing wood,
 Who would give the world for a breath of air
 In the groves where the trees once stood;
 I know not his name,
 But he's there in the flame
 That is burning him up for good.

Don't you hear him cry
 And sizz and fry,
 When the wind goes over the chimney high?
 "Whee-oo! whee-ee!
 You are burning me,
 And I want to get out where the cold winds be,
 Whee-oo! whee-ee!"

There's a little Old Man in the fire, as true
 As the boy that is sitting there;
 And he spitefully spits from the logs at you,
 While the bright blaze singes his hair.
 I know not his name,
 But I know how he came
 To be toasting and roasting there!

¹ By Frank L. Stanton, an American writer.

Don't you hear him cry
 And sizz and fry,
 When the wind gets lost in the chimneys high?
 "Whee-oo! whee-ee!
 You are roasting me,
 And I want to get out where the snowflakes be
 Whee-oo! whee-ee!"

This little Old Man was a boy as bright
 As any you'd meet to-day;
 But he worried his mother, and so one night
 The darkness stole him away.
 In the heart of a tree
 He was hidden, you see,
 And no one could get him away!

Don't you hear him cry
 And sizz and fry,
 When the wind leaps over the housetops high?
 "Whee-oo! whee-ee!
 You are roasting me,
 And I want to get out where the children be
 Whee-oo! whee-ee!"

He called to the fairies and every bird,
 "Let me out of the tree, the tree!"
 But the fairies thought 'twas a ghost they heard,
 For there wasn't a boy to see,

And the winds that went over
 The daisies and clover
 Couldn't shake him out of the tree.

Don't you hear him cry
 And sizz and fry,
 And snarl at the children standing by?
 "Whee-oo! whee-ee!
 They are roasting me —
 The little Old Man of the fire — whee-ee!
 Whee-oo! whee-ee!"

EXPRESSION: Did you ever on a cold winter day sit by an open fireplace in which logs of wood were burning? The logs burn slowly, and bright yellow and blue flames rise up between them. If the logs are somewhat green the sap oozes out at the ends making strange sounds — z-z-z-z! whee-ee-oo-oo! sizz-z-z-z!

Once a little boy, who had been troublesome and naughty through the day, was sitting by such a fire and listening to the sounds made by the oozing, sizzling, sizzling, whistling sap. He did not know what was the cause of the sounds, and so he asked his mother. She told him the story that is related in this poem.

Try to imitate the voice and words of the little Old Man.
 Practice speaking the sounds of *s, z, sp, wh*:

<i>buzz</i>	<i>seizes</i>	<i>spits</i>	<i>grasp</i>	<i>whistle</i>
<i>sizzle</i>	<i>blazes</i>	<i>spitefully</i>	<i>wasp</i>	<i>whizz</i>
<i>sizz</i>	<i>singes</i>	<i>sparkling</i>	<i>wisp</i>	<i>whee-oo</i>

THE INDIAN CHILD ¹

Child of pathless woods am I,
Where the mountain eagles fly,
Where the stealthy panther creeps,
Where the wolf a vigil keeps,
Tracking swift to nest and lair
Savage beasts or birds of air;
Child of pathless woods, for me
Naught is sweet as liberty.

I can shoot the feathered shaft;
I can steer the pliant raft;
Patient all the day can go
On the trail of friend or foe;
Keen my eyes and strong my heart,
Proud am I to bear a part;
When the chase is wild and free,
There is happiness for me.

Simple is the faith I hold,
Taught to me by warriors bold.
Only women faint and sigh
When an enemy is nigh;

¹ By Margaret E. Sangster, an American writer.

Only babies cry for pain ;
Chieftains scorn a tear-drop's stain.
Far beyond this world is found
Many a happy hunting ground.
The Great Spirit watches me —
I'm the child of liberty.

THE LEGEND OF MONDAMIN

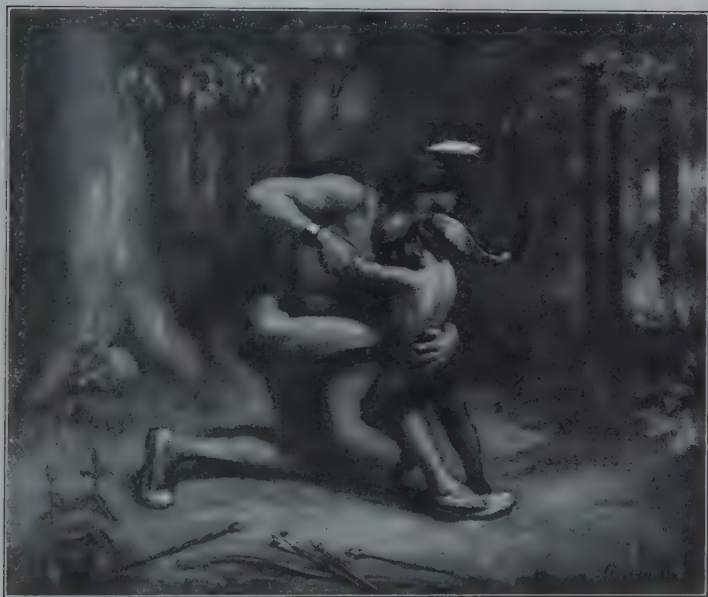
You have read of Hiawatha, the noblest and best of all Red Men. He it was who taught his people how to hunt and fish, how to build wigwams and make canoes, and how to be brave and kind and helpful to one another. He knew how to cure the sick and heal the wounded, and it was his chief delight to go from one village to another, carrying health and happiness to those whom he loved.

One day, as he was walking alone through a dark forest, he met a little man who was scarcely higher than his knee. The little man wore a red plume in his hair, and his face was very pleasant to look upon ; and he greeted Hiawatha with a good-natured smile and a gentle nodding of the head.

“Good morning, friend,” he said ; “I am Mondamin, or the Red Plume. I hear that you are very strong. How would you like to wrestle with me ?”

“You are only a little fellow, and I am a full-grown warrior,” answered Hiawatha. “Why should I wrestle with you?”

The little man smiled still more sweetly, and the



red plume in his hair waved back and forth as he said: “I am much stronger than you think. And you should wrestle with me because you will then be able to give a great gift to your people.”

“If that is the case,” answered Hiawatha, “then I will try a bout with you. But never will I harm you willingly.”

So the noble warrior and little Red Plume began to wrestle with each other, and Hiawatha soon learned that he would not gain an easy victory. All day long they wrestled. The sun sank low, and at length went down behind the western hills. Then the strength of Red Plume failed entirely, and he sank down, helpless, upon the ground.

"I have thrown you ! I have thrown you !" shouted Hiawatha ; and his words were echoed from tree to tree through the whole length of the forest.

He stooped to lift the vanquished Red Plume to his feet again, but behold ! the little wrestler had no longer the shape of a man. His legs and arms and smiling face were gone, and his body had been changed to a ripe ear of maize or Indian corn. But the red plume was still there, waving as before ; and as Hiawatha looked, he heard a pleasant voice coming from beneath the husk of corn.

"Noblest of warriors," it said, "here is the great gift that you have won for your people. Take me, and strip me of the husks which protect me from the winds and the weather. Then bury me in the rich black soil near the river's bank. There the sun will give me warmth, and the rains of early spring will be my drink. When one moon has passed, come back. You will then see the gift of corn."

THE FEAST OF MONDAMIN ¹

I

Not forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.
Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.

¹ By Henry W. Longfellow.

And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

II

All around the happy village
Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
Filling all the land with plenty.
Summer passed, and Shawondasee
Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,
From the South-land sent his ardors,
Wafted kisses warm and tender;
And the maize-field grew and ripened,
Till it stood in all the splendor
Of its garments green and yellow,
Of its tassels and its plumage,

And the maize-ears full and shining
 Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.
 Then Nokomis, the old woman,
 Spake, and said to Minnehaha :
 "'Tis the Moon when leaves are falling ;
 All the wild rice has been gathered,
 And the maize is ripe and ready ;
 Let us gather in the harvest,
 Let us wrestle with Mondamin,
 Strip him of his plumes and tassels,
 Of his garments green and yellow !"
 And the merry Laughing Water
 Went rejoicing from the wigwam,
 With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,
 And they called the women round them,
 Called the young men and the maidens,
 To the harvest of the cornfields,
 To the husking of the maize-ear.

EXPRESSION : Practice reading these lines again and again until you can make them sound like music.

Pronounce the following words correctly and distinctly :

<i>I ä'goo</i>	<i>No ko'mis</i>	<i>wres'tler</i>	<i>plüm'age</i>
<i>Mon dä'min</i>	<i>Shä'won dä'see</i>	<i>wrin'kled</i>	<i>van'quished</i>
<i>Hī a wä'tha</i>	<i>wäm'pum</i>	<i>with'ered</i>	<i>war'ri or</i>
<i>Min ne hä'hä</i>	<i>maize-field</i>	<i>won'drous</i>	<i>ver'dure</i>

HOW THE CORN GROWS¹

This is the story which Willie's mother told the children one morning in September. They had been to the cornfield and had just come back with their hands full of long, pale-green corn silk.

"Last spring, when your father plowed the ground and planted the corn, some black crows were watching him. They sat in an old tree and waited till he had left the field. Then they came down to pick up the corn.

"They could not find much ; but whenever they saw a grain of corn they picked it up and ate it, or carried it away to their little crows in the woods.



"Then there came a warm rain and moistened the ground. The sun shone bright. Soon the seed corn swelled as though ready to burst open. In a few days two little arms were thrust out, one reaching down into the earth, and one reaching up to the light and air.



"The first arm was never very pretty, but it was useful. For, besides holding the plant firmly in its place, it drew up water and food for it. The second



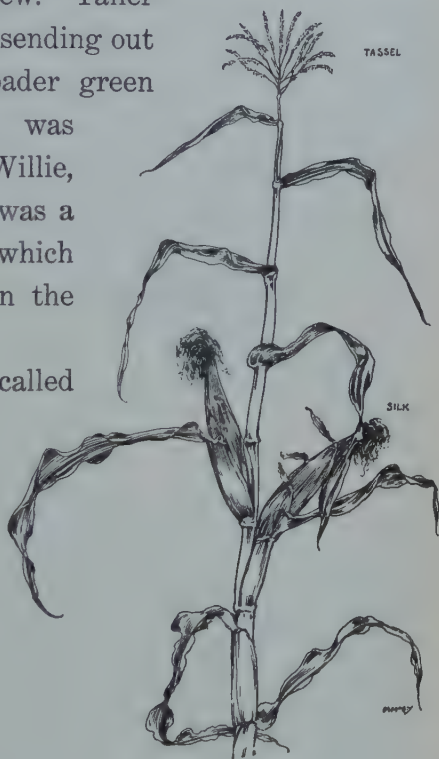
¹ Adapted from a story by Jane Andrews.

arm grew very fast, and soon threw out two long, slender green leaves that waved in the air and seemed to rejoice in the sunlight.

“Day after day this arm, which we may call the stalk, grew and grew. Taller and taller it became, sending out still longer and broader green leaves. At last it was much taller than Willie, and at its top there was a branching flower which swayed and bowed in the wind.

“This flower is called the tassel. Lower down on the stalk was another flower, partly hidden by the leaves. It looked like a bunch of long threads, and was pale green at first, but afterwards red. This flower is sometimes called the silk.

“Now each thread of the silk was in truth a tiny tube, so small that your eyes cannot see that it is hol-



low. On the tassel at the top of the stalk a golden dust called pollen was forming and ripening every day. Each grain of pollen was also very small — smaller than the hollow in the tiny tubes of the silk.

“One day, when the tassel was very full of pollen, a gentle wind blew over the cornfield. It tossed the tassel this way and that, it shook the ripe pollen grains out by the thousands.



“Many of these grains were blown away and lost; but many others dropped down upon the silk and crept into the tiny green tubes which were open to receive them.

Down they slid, each one in its tube, until it reached the end; and there it found a tiny little room, just large enough to live in, and plenty of sweet food for nourishment.

“And so each pollen grain lay in its own little room, and grew larger and plumper every day. The rooms were beautifully arranged in long, straight rows; and as the pollen grains grew, these also grew until they touched each other and even pressed hard against each other. Then the grains ceased to grow; for

they were no longer pollen grains, but grains of corn, ripe and sweet. There they lay, packed closely together in rows around a brownish red corn cob, and wrapped up warm and safe in a cloak of dry corn leaves called the husk.

“One morning a little boy and his father went out into the cornfield. The boy carried a basket, and the father broke from the corn stalks the full firm ears of sweet corn and heaped the basket full.”

“Oh, mother!” said Willie, “that was father and I. Don’t you remember how we used to go out every morning and bring in a basket of sweet corn for dinner? We must have taken that very ear; for I noticed how all the grains were packed close together in long rows.”



EXPRESSION: Tell how corn grows. Speak of (1) the seed; (2) the plantlet; (3) the stalk, tassel, and silk; (4) the ripened ear.

KINDNESS REWARDED

On a certain hill in a far-distant country there are two beautiful trees, a linden and an oak. At the foot of the hill there is an ugly marsh, and a little farther away there is a lake. A wonderful story is told about the trees and the lake.

A long, long time ago Jupiter and Mercury were traveling through that country to see how the people lived and whether they were kind-hearted and brave and true as all people ought to be. The two travelers were dressed in coarse garb, and went from place to place on foot, and nobody guessed who they were.

Late one day they reached a thriving village in the midst of a beautiful plain. They were footsore and covered with dust, and no sooner had they entered the village than children and men began to hoot and throw stones at them.

They walked through the streets, seeking some place of shelter for the night, but no one would show them the least kindness. Some of the people were so rude as to set dogs upon them, and they were finally driven out of the village.

As they walked sadly along in the deepening twilight, they came to a humble thatched cottage by the

¹ Retold from Ovid's "Metamorphoses."

side of the road. An old man, whose name was Philemon, was sitting by the door, and his wife Baucis was standing by his side with her knitting in her hand. The house was a very poor one, but the two old people appeared to be contented and happy.

As soon as Philemon saw the travelers coming slowly up the hill, he ran out and greeted them with kindly words. "Come in, and rest yourselves," he said. "Come in, and my wife Baucis will give you some food, for I know that you are tired and hungry."

The strangers followed the old couple into their hut. Philemon gave them seats just inside of the door, and Baucis hurried to prepare some food for them. The good woman raked out the coals that lay among the ashes on the hearth; she laid some dry sticks upon them, and soon had a blazing fire. Then she ran into the garden and gathered some fresh vegetables; she cut a slice of meat from the side of bacon that hung in the chimney corner; she filled the great dinner pot and swung it above the flames.

While the food was cooking, she drew out the little table and covered it with a snow-white cloth. On the bench where her guests were to sit, she placed a cushion filled with soft and fragrant seaweed. Then she placed on the table sweet-smelling herbs, and radishes, and cheese, and eggs cooked in the ashes.

When all was ready, the stew, smoking hot, was dipped from the kettle and served in coarse earthen dishes. Some milk was brought in a yellow pitcher; and apples and wild honey were added for dessert. But better than all these were the kind faces of Baucis and Philemon — their looks of welcome, their attention to every need of their unknown visitors.

The guests sat down at the table, and the good old people stood behind them, ready to serve them and satisfy their wants. When the milk was poured out, they were astonished to see that the pitcher was still as full as ever.

"Wonder of wonders!" whispered good Baucis. "Did you ever hear of anything so strange?"

"Wife," answered Philemon, amazed and trembling, "I guess these are no common men. They are Mighty Beings come down from above."

Then both fell upon their knees and begged pardon for the coarseness of the food and the rudeness of the table and the dishes. "They are the best that we have," they said. "Gladly would we give you something better, but we cannot."

Jupiter raised them to their feet and smiled upon them. "The richest man in all the land could not have done more than you have done for our comfort," said he. "But what shall we say for the people

of the village who drove us from their doors and refused to give us shelter for the night?"



"I beg that you will not be too harsh with them," said Philemon. "They did not know who it was whom they treated so rudely."

"Nay," said Jupiter, "but people who show no acts of kindness to poor and needy strangers are not

likely to have the right feelings toward even the Mighty Ones from whom they receive all the good things of life. They shall be punished."

In the morning after the two noble guests had eaten their breakfast, they made ready to go on their way.

"Walk with us to the top of yonder hill," said Jupiter. Philemon and Baucis gladly obeyed.

When they had reached the top of the steep slope, Mercury bade them look around. To their great wonder they saw that the village had disappeared and that a broad lake had taken its place. No house had been left standing save their own humble cottage.

"My good friends," said Jupiter, "you shall be rewarded for your kindness to strangers. Is there not some favor that we can grant you?"

Then Philemon and Baucis both answered, "Let us finish our lives here where we have lived so long; and when the time comes for us to die, let us both pass from life together."

"You shall have your wish," said Jupiter.

Even while he spoke Philemon and Baucis saw a wonderful change come over their humble dwelling. Lofty columns took the place of the corner posts, the thatch was changed to a gilded roof, and the doors were hung with ornaments of gold. The cottage was transformed into a beautiful temple.

For many years the two old people were the keepers of the temple. But one day as they were standing outside and looking up into the sky, they felt themselves stiffen so they could not stir. They had hardly time to say, "Good-by, dear Philemon," and "Good-by, dear Baucis," when they were changed into two noble trees — he into an oak, and she into a linden.

Long, long ago the temple fell in ruins and was forgotten; but the trees still stand side by side on the slope of the hill. When the wind rises, the poor people who pass that way hear the rustle of the leaves and see the branches caress each other; and they fancy that they hear the trees saying, "Dear Baucis!" "Dear Philemon!"

EXPRESSION: Read the first paragraph of this story. Shut your eyes and picture in your mind the scene that is there described. Now try to put the picture on paper or on the blackboard.

Which part of the story do you like best? Read it aloud and tell why you like it.

WORD STUDY: Pronounce these words correctly: *Ju'-pi ter*; *Mer'cu ry*; *Phi le'mon*; *Bau'cis*; *thatched*; *gild'ed*; *col'umns*; *or'na ments*; *trans formed'*; *ru'ins*; *des ert'*.

Spell these words by letter and by sound: *guess*, *guests*, *guessed*; *knees*, *knitting*, *knock*, *know*; *people*, *temple*, *couple*, *humble*, *noble*, *kettle*, *rustle*.

POEMS TO BE MEMORIZED

[For other selections to be memorized, see "The Village Blacksmith," p. 97; "The Night Wind," p. 105; and "The Frost," p. 107.]

I. A LULLABY¹

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon.
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon:
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

¹By Alfred Tennyson.

II. THE CHILDREN'S HOUR¹

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of the door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;

¹ By Henry W. Longfellow.

If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away!

III. THE BLUEBIRD¹

I know the song the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

¹By Emily Huntington Miller.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!

Hark! was there ever so merry a note?

Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,

Up in the apple tree, swinging and swaying:

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,

You must be weary of winter, I know;

Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer,

Summer is coming, and springtime is here!

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you, arise;

Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;

Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,

Put on your mantles of purple and gold;

Daffodils, daffodils! say, do you hear?

Summer is coming, and springtime is here!"

IV. THE BAREFOOT BOY¹

Blessings on thee, little man,

Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan

With thy turned up pantaloons

And thy merry whistled tunes;

With thy red lips, redder still

Kissed by strawberries on the hill;

With the sunshine on thy face,

Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;

¹ By John Greenleaf Whittier.

From my heart I give thee joy!
I was once a barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules;
Knowledge, never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And how the ground mole sinks his well;

How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine;
Where the wood grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay.

Oh, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,

When all things I heard or saw
Me, their master, waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honey bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked to me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond.
Oh, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread —
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the doorstone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.

All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil,
 Up and down in ceaseless moil:
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

EXPRESSION: Which of these poems do you like best? Try to tell why you choose it. Picture the Barefoot Boy as he is described in lines 1-10. How much "knowledge never learned at schools" do you think you possess? Ask the teacher about the meaning of the last twelve lines.

KING ALFRED — A PLAY¹

 PERSONS IN THE PLAY

ALFRED.	<i>King of England</i>
GUBBA.	<i>A Woodcutter</i>
GRETA.	<i>The Woodcutter's Wife</i>
EDGAR.	<i>An Officer</i>

 SOLDIERS AND HUNTERS

SCENE. — *In a dense forest. The King alone.*

Alfred. How lonely and quiet it is here! There is little danger that any one will follow me into this wild place. But what if I am lost? I have had nothing to eat since yesterday. If I do not find my way out of the forest, I shall soon die of hunger. — Ha! here is a path. I will follow it. Oh, how lucky! I see a woodcutter's hut yonder among the trees. I will go to it.

[*He goes forward. Gubba meets him near the cottage.*]

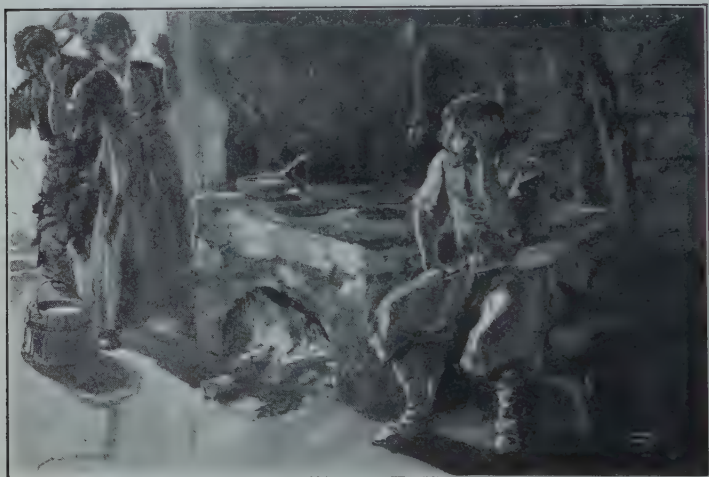
Gubba. Good evening, stranger.

Alfred. Good evening, my friend. I am a poor traveler, and have lost my way in these woods. Will you give me a bite to eat, and let me to rest a little while in your cottage?

¹ Adapted from "Evenings at Home," by Dr. John Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld.

Gubba. A poor traveler, eh? Well, there are too many poor travelers, I think. But come in. You may ask the woman about it. — I say, Greta, is supper almost ready?

Greta. You lazy fellow! You're always thinking



about your supper. But the cakes are not baked and the cow is not milked and the pigs are not fed; and — but who is this fellow you have brought with you?

Alfred. Good woman, I am a stranger. I have lost my way in these woods. I am hungry and tired, and would ask you to give me food and shelter.

Greta. Well, I don't like strangers. It was a sorry day for England when those stranger Danes began to come here.

Alfred. That is true. But I am not that kind of stranger. I meant to say that I am stranger here in this forest ; but I am a friend to all Englishmen.

Greta. You are not one of those Danes, then?

Alfred. No, indeed ! I am an enemy to the Danes. I wish they were all driven from our land.

Gubba. Good ! good ! Give me your hand.

Alfred. I was with King Alfred in the last great battle with the Danes.

Greta. You were ? Bless you for a hero.

Gubba. What became of our good king ?

Alfred. His men were put to flight and many were slain ; and some say that he, too, was killed.

Gubba. Ah ! these are, indeed, sad times. But if you were with the king, I am your friend. You shall sup with us. You shall rest in our cottage. You shall stay with us as long as you wish.

Alfred. I thank you very much. If I can do anything to help you, I shall be glad indeed.

Gubba. Well, I am needing help just now. All the men have gone to the war, and there is a great deal to be done. Can you chop wood ?

Alfred. I have never tried ; but I might learn.

Gubba. Can you thatch a roof ? The cow house must be covered.

Alfred. No ; I cannot thatch.

Greta. Can you make baskets?

Alfred. I have never learned.

Greta. Can you milk a cow?

Alfred. Well, I don't know. I have never touched a cow.

Gubba. Why, here's a fellow with as many hands as I have, and he can't do anything!

Greta. Do you see those cakes I have baking on the hearth? I wonder if you can watch them while I milk the cow?

Alfred. Certainly, I can do that. I'll not take my eyes away from them.

Greta. Well, be sure you turn them when they're brown. And don't let them burn.

Alfred. Trust me for that, good woman.

Greta [*taking her pail*]. Now come, Gubba. Don't sit there; it's time to feed the pigs. The fellow will watch the cakes.

[*Both go out, leaving Alfred alone.*]

Alfred. Alas, alas! my poor country. I grieve not for myself, but for my people.

[*He falls into deep thought and forgets the cakes, which soon burn to a crisp. After an hour, Greta returns with a pail of milk. Gubba follows with an ax.*]

Greta. Well, sir, are the cakes done? — Mercy on

us, he's let them burn. They're as black as a coal. — What do you mean, you lazy thing?

Alfred. Indeed, good woman, I'm very sorry. But I was thinking of something else — of how to save our country from the Danes.

Greta. A pretty fellow you are, to save the country — too lazy to turn a cake! Get out of the house at once. No supper for you, sir!

[Alfred starts to go out, but at the door is met by Edgar with some soldiers and hunters.]

Gubba [trying to escape]. Run, Greta, run! The Danes! the Danes! We are lost.

Greta. Have mercy on us!

Edgar [addressing King Alfred]. Hail, my king!

Soldiers. Hail to the king! Hail to King Alfred!

Edgar. How glad I am to find you, my king! And I have good news for you.

Alfred. Good news? I could have no better news than to see your faces. But tell me what it is.

Edgar. A thousand men are waiting for you at the edge of the woods — all ready to follow you and fight another battle with the Danes. I have here a list of the leaders who will help you.

[Offers the king a paper. Alfred takes it and reads it by the dim light of the fire.]

Gubba [*aside to Greta*]. They're not Danes, Greta. He's the king of England in disguise. What will become of us? Only think of scolding a king as you did! We shall both lose our heads for it.



Greta. But who would have thought that he was the king! He looks just like a man.

Gubba. We might have guessed that he was king; for he showed that he is not fit for anything else.

Alfred [*coming forward*]. This is certainly good news, Edgar. There is no reason for despair while you and so many other brave men are ready to help me.

Soldiers and Hunters. Hurrah! hurrah for King Alfred! Down with the Danes!

Alfred. Yes, down with England's enemies! Come, let us hasten to join our friends who are waiting for us. Soon we shall deal those Danes such a blow that they will be glad to leave our country in peace.

Soldiers. Down with the Danes!

Hunters. Hurrah for England and King Alfred!

Alfred. Come, my men! Good-by, my friends, Gubba and Greta! You have indeed been very kind to me.

Gubba [*falling upon his knees*]. Do you indeed forgive us?

Alfred. There's nothing to forgive. I thank you for allowing me to sit by your fire. Good-by!

[*Goes out with Edgar.*]

Gubba. Well, now, that's what I call a *king*!

EXPRESSION : Alfred the Great was king of Saxon England more than a thousand years ago. The Danes from Denmark attempted to conquer the country but were at last defeated and obliged to make peace with King Alfred. Try to learn something more about those early times.

Read the play silently. Be sure that you know the persons, the place, the time, the action.

Choose parts ; read the play aloud, and act it as though you were really the persons speaking.

Pronounce correctly: *Alfred, Gub'ba, Gre'ta, Ed'gar, Eng'-lishmen; disguise, despair, hasten.*

DUST UNDER THE RUG¹

There was once a mother who had two little daughters ; and, as her husband was dead and she very poor, she worked diligently all the time that they might be well fed and clothed. She was a skilled worker, and found work to do away from home ; and her two little girls were so good and so helpful that they kept her house as neat and as bright as a new pin.

One of the little girls was lame, and could not run about the house ; so she sat still in her chair and sewed, while Minnie, the sister, washed the dishes, swept the floor, and made the home beautiful.

Their home was on the edge of a great forest ; and after their tasks were finished the little girls would sit at the window and watch the tall trees as they bent in the wind, until it would seem as though the trees were real persons, nodding and bending to each other.

In the spring there were the birds, in the summer the wild flowers, in autumn the bright leaves, and in winter the great drifts of white snow ; so that the whole year was a round of delight to the two happy children. But one day the dear mother came home sick ; and then they were very sad. It was winter,

¹ By Maud Lindsay.

and there were many things to buy. Minnie and her little sister sat by the fire and talked it over, and at last Minnie said :

“Dear sister, I must go out to find work before the food gives out.” So she kissed her mother and, wrapping herself up, started from home. There was a narrow path leading through the forest, and she determined to follow it until she reached some place where she might find the work she wanted.

As she hurried on, the shadows grew deeper. The night was coming fast when she saw before her a very small house. This was a welcome sight. She hastened forward and knocked at the door.

Nobody came in answer to her knock. She tried again and again, and at length concluded that nobody lived there ; so she opened the door and walked in, thinking that she would stay all night.

As soon as she stepped into the house, she started back in surprise ; for there before her she saw twelve little beds with the bedclothes all tumbled, twelve little dirty plates on a very dusty table, and the floor of the room so dusty that I am sure you could have drawn a picture on it.

“Dear me !” said the little girl, “this will never do !” And as soon as she had warmed her hands, she set to work to make the room tidy.

She washed the plates, she made up the beds, she swept the floor, she straightened the great rug in front of the fireplace, and set the twelve little chairs



in a half circle around the fire; and, just as she finished, the door opened and in walked twelve of the queerest little people she had ever seen. They were just about as tall as a carpenter's rule, and all wore yellow clothes; and Minnie knew that they

must be the dwarfs who kept the gold in the heart of the mountain.

“Well!” said the dwarfs all together, for they always spoke together and in rime :

*“Now isn’t this a sweet surprise?
We really can’t believe our eyes!”*

Then they spied Minnie, and cried in great astonishment :

*“Who can this be, so fair and mild?
Our keeper is a stranger child.”*

Now when Minnie saw the dwarfs, she came to meet them. “If you please,” she said, “I’m little Minnie Grey ; and I’m looking for work because my dear mother is sick. I came in here when the night drew near, and — ” here all the dwarfs laughed, and called out merrily :

*“You found our room a sorry sight,
But you have made it clean and bright.”*

They were such dear funny little dwarfs ! After they had thanked Minnie for her trouble, they took white bread and honey from the closet and asked her to sup with them.

While they sat at supper, they told her that their fairy housekeeper had taken a vacation, and their house was not well kept, because she was away.

They sighed when they said this ; and after supper, when Minnie washed the dishes and set them carefully away, they looked at her often and talked among themselves. Then one of them said :

*“ Dear mortal maiden, will you stay
All through our fairy’s holiday ?
And if you faithful prove, and good,
We will reward you as we should.”*

Now Minnie was much pleased, for she liked the kind dwarfs and wanted to help them ; so she thanked them, and went to bed to dream happy dreams.

Next morning she was awake early. She cooked a good breakfast ; and after the dwarfs had gone out, she cleared up the room and mended the dwarfs’ clothes. In the evening when the little men came home, they found a bright fire and a warm supper waiting for them. Thus Minnie worked faithfully until the last day of the fairy housekeeper’s vacation.

That morning as Minnie looked out of the window to watch the dwarfs go to their work, she saw on one of the window panes a most beautiful picture. It was a picture of fairy palaces so wonderful that as she looked at it she forgot all about the work that was to be done.

Then she heard the cuckoo clock on the mantel strike twelve. She ran in haste to make up the beds,

and wash the dishes ; but because she was in a hurry she could not work quickly, and when she took the broom to sweep the floor it was almost time for the dwarfs to come home.

“I believe,” said Minnie, aloud, “that I will not sweep under the rug to-day. After all, it is no harm to leave a little dust where it can’t be seen.” So she hurried to her supper and left the rug unturned.

Before long the dwarfs came home. As the rooms looked just as usual, nothing was said ; and Minnie thought no more of the dust until she went to bed and saw the stars peeping through the window.

Then she thought of it, for it seemed to her that she could hear the stars saying, “There is the little girl who is so faithful and good.”

Minnie turned her face to the wall ; for a little voice, right in her own heart, said, “Dust under the rug ! dust under the rug !”

“There is the little girl,” cried the stars, “who keeps home as bright as a starshine.”

“Dust under the rug ! dust under the rug !” said the little voice in Minnie’s heart.

“We see her ! we see her !” called all the stars, joyfully.

“Dust under the rug ! dust under the rug !” said

the little voice in Minnie's heart, and she could bear it no longer. So she sprang out of bed, and, taking her broom in her hand, she swept the dust away; and lo! under the dust lay twelve shining gold pieces, as round and as bright as the moon.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Minnie, in great surprise; and all the little dwarfs came running to see what was the matter.

Minnie told them all about it; and when she had ended her story, the dwarfs gathered lovingly around her and said:

*"Dear child, the gold is all for you,
For faithful you have proved and true;
But had you left the rug unturned,
A cent is all you would have earned.
Our love goes with the gold we give,
And oh! forget not while you live,
That in the smallest duty done
Lies wealth of joy for every one."*

Minnie thanked the dwarfs for their kindness to her; and early next morning she hastened home with her golden treasure, which bought many good things for the dear mother and little sister.

She never saw the dwarfs again, but she never forgot their lesson, to do her work faithfully; and she always swept under the rug.

A STORY OF A LITTLE KING¹

In Paris, near one of the great market places, there once stood a very humble little house containing but one room. In this single room the family who called it their home ate and slept and lived and were happy, scarcely wishing for anything better. The door was on one side and the chimney on the other, while in the middle there was a long table. On the right, as you entered, there were two beds and a basket cradle ; on the left were several bags of charcoal piled one on another.

Here lived a poor man, whose name was Jacquot, with his wife and two little boys and a baby girl just learning to walk. Jacquot's business was the selling of charcoal about the streets.

One evening in July the mother and children were sitting at the table, waiting for the father to return from his daily labor. He was late, and the children were impatient. The little boys turned their eyes first toward the door and then toward the large covered dish on the table, and their hunger grew with each waiting moment.

"Our supper will get cold," said Charlot, the eldest.

¹ Retold from Peter Parley (S. G. Goodrich, 1793-1860).

"Why does father stay so very late this evening?" asked his brother Blondel.

"He has been carrying charcoal to the queen's palace," said the mother. "It is a feast day, and there will be a ball and all sorts of fine doings. Perhaps he is staying to see some of them."

At that instant the father's voice was heard at the door. "Boys, heap some more chips on the fire; make haste!"

Charlot and Blondel ran to do his bidding. The fire blazed up brightly as their father entered, bearing in his arms a little child apparently lifeless.

"What's the matter? Who is that child?" cried the mother, as she placed her baby in the cradle and hurried to meet him.

"I'll tell you after a while," said Jacquot. "Get a blanket and warm it, quick. That on the children's bed is best."

"What a beautiful child!" said the mother, as she helped her husband undress the little creature. Its richly embroidered clothing was dripping wet, and its soiled ruffles and laces were soaked with water.

"Bring me your Sunday clothes, Charlot. This little boy has need of them."

"Here they are, mother," said Charlot, forgetful now of his hunger.

The little stranger, being rolled up in a dry, warm blanket, soon revived and opened his eyes. He looked wonderingly around at the miserable room he was in and at the poor people standing by his side.

"Where am I? Where am I?"

"In my house, my little friend," answered the charcoal man.

"*My little friend!*" repeated the child, in a contemptuous tone.

"I am sorry if it displeases you," said the man. "But if I had not helped you, you would have been in a much worse place than this."

"These are not my clothes!" cried the little fellow. "You've stolen mine and given me these wretched things."

"Stolen!" cried Jacquot, angrily. "Do you mean to say that, you ungrateful rascal?"

"Hush!" said his wife, kindly. "He does not yet know what he says. Wait till he rests awhile, and then he'll be in better humor."

The child was indeed exhausted. He closed his eyes and was soon in a deep sleep.

"Now tell us, father," said Charlot, "where did you find him?"

The family gathered around the fire, and while the strange child slept, the father told his story.

"It happened this way. I had finished my day's work and was standing outside of the palace looking through the windows at the fine ladies and gentlemen inside. I wanted to see the queen, but I don't believe I should have known her, for they all looked like queens. And such feathers, and such flowers!"

"But this little boy?" said the mother.

"Yes, tell us about him," said little Charlot.

"Well, I was just coming to him. As I was standing there and wondering, I heard a strange noise behind me in the garden. I turned round and by the light of the moon I saw this little fellow struggling in the great pool by the fountain. I ran as quickly as I could and jumped in after him; I caught him and carried him out just in time. Now, there was a great blazing fire in the queen's kitchen, but you know well enough that the cook would never let me carry any poor half-drowned child into his great place. So the best I could do was to run home with him and dry him in our own bed."

"The poor, dear child!" said the mother.

"He shall be our own little brother," cried Blondel, softly clapping his hands.

In a little while the boy awoke and seemed very cheerful.

"How uneasy your mother must be about you,"

said Mrs. Jacquot. "Tell us who she is, and my husband will go and tell her that you are safe."

"You are very good, madam," answered the boy. "There is not the least hurry about telling her."

"But they must be looking for you."

"So much the better, madam. Let them look."

"Ah, children never know what a mother's feelings are!" sighed the good woman.

"Yes, *we* do, mother," cried Charlot and Blondel. "We love our mother."

"Dear little boys!" said their proud mother. "I don't believe you would exchange me for the queen of France."

"No, indeed, mother," said Charlot, "we wouldn't give you for all of France."

Just then they heard the little stranger sobbing in the bed; tears were rolling down his cheeks.

"Why are you crying, dear child?" said Mrs. Jacquot. "Have you no parents to love you?"

"I have no father, madam."

"But you have a mother?"

He shook his head. "My mother has other things to do than to attend to me."

"What! Your own mother, and cannot she attend to her own child?"

"Yes, madam. But she has servants to attend to me."

"Servants ! yes, I think so," said Jacquot, roughly. "They let you fall into the water, and if it hadn't been for me, you would be there still. But come, children, let us have our supper."

They seated themselves at the table. The mother placed before each a saucer and a wooden spoon, and helped them all to boiled beans, while the father cut slices from a loaf of brown bread.

The little stranger came and sat with them, but ate nothing.

"You must soon tell us who you are," said Mrs. Jacquot, "for we must let your mother know that you are safe."

"My mother loves me, of course," said the little fellow ; "but she has no leisure to think about me to-night."

"Is she like our mother?" asked Charlot.

"She is handsomer."

"But ours is better."

"Mine gives me fine clothes and all the money I want," said the stranger, haughtily.

"And ours gives us kisses," said Blondel.

"And mine has servants to wait on me."

"And our dear mother waits on us herself, which is much better," said Charlot.

The charcoal man and his wife listened with much

amusement to this friendly dispute. They were just rising from the table when a loud knocking was heard at the door, and a voice inquired, "Is this the house of Jacquot, the man who sells charcoal?"

"That is my tutor's voice," whispered the little stranger, as he slipped quickly under the table and hid. "Don't tell him I am here," he called out softly.

In a few minutes the room was filled with fine gentlemen dressed in gorgeous suits of silk and laces and gold embroidery. A man clad in a red velvet cloak, with a great cord and tassel about his waist, looked around the room and said to a soldier who stood at the door:

"Repeat your deposition."

"This evening at eight o'clock," said the soldier, "as I was on duty near the queen's palace, I saw this man, whose name is said to be Jacquot, running down the street with a child in his arms."

"Where is that child?" demanded the man in red.

"Here!" cried the child in question, as he darted from his hiding place and stood in the midst of the crowd.

"Your whole court has been looking for you for two hours, your Majesty."

"I am very glad to hear it, Cardinal Mazarin," said the boy.



"Your mother is in great uneasiness," said the cardinal.

"I am sorry, Cardinal, that she has had any anxiety on my account."

"I hope, sire, that you will come with us now."

"That is just as I please, Cardinal."

"But I hope it will be soon. Your mother —"

"I must first thank these good people for their services," said the child.

"Well, make haste," answered the cardinal.

The boy turned towards the poor charcoal man and said: "My friend, I am Louis XIV, the king of France. I thank you for what you have done for me. You shall have money to pay for the education of your two sons, and I will give your daughter a dowry. Here is my hand to kiss."

Then turning to the cardinal, he said: "Now I am ready. Let us go."

"Not in that dress?" said the cardinal, now first observing Charlot's humble Sunday suit, which the little king was wearing while his own clothes were drying by the fire.

"Yes, certainly, in this dress," answered Louis. "Why not?"

"The queen will be horrified to see you in the garb of a peasant," said the cardinal.

"Say no more," said the little king, stamping his foot impatiently. "I will go to her as I am."

Then, as he passed out to the carriage which was waiting at the door, he turned to Charlot and said, "Come, yourself, to the palace to-morrow and get your clothes; and you may bring mine with you."

WORD STUDY: Learn to pronounce: *Paris*, *Jacquot* (zhăk kō'), *Charlot* (shār lō'), *Blon del'*, *Mazarin* (măz a reen'), *Louis* (lōō'is).



THE SQUIRREL ¹

How pleasant are these bright, sunny autumn days when the air is crisp with the suggestion of frost! It is now that children in the country wait anxiously for a holiday when they may hurry off to the woods in search of nuts.

Hurry as fast as they can, they are very likely to find that some little busy-body has been ahead of them and, without bag or basket to help him, has carried away a great many of the nuts. He has not gathered them merely for amusement, but because he must store them up for food during the long, cold, winter months.

¹ From the "Nature Guard."

This earnest little worker is the gray squirrel. The children will hear him scolding them roundly from the top of a tree, as if trying to drive them away from what he considers his own property. Would you become better acquainted with this bright little animal? Let us study some of his habits.

Every day, about noon time, the squirrel retires to his nest for a nap and short rest ; but aside from this, he is always busy from morning till night. He scampers from one part of the woods to another ; he searches in this place and in that for food ; he bounds playfully from tree to tree. The ease with which he springs from bough to bough is truly wonderful ; but he seldom leaps directly from a tree to the ground.

Squirrels build their summer nests in the fork of a tree or on some large branch. They do not bring their materials up from the ground, but bite off the small green branches and dead twigs that grow near. After these are laid in place, they break off bunches of leaves and join all together in such a way as to form a strong, firm nest. Sometimes they line the nest with moss which they have gathered from the bark of the tree.

For their winter nest they select a hollow in a tree, where they are sheltered from the cold winds, the

rain, and the snow. Often a family of four or five squirrels live together in the same home.

Gray squirrels are easily tamed when they are young. While some of them are gentle, playful pets, others are inclined to be cross and will probably bite the hand that would caress them.

In the large city parks there are usually many squirrels. These become quite gentle and quickly learn to come when called, sitting up on their hind legs and reaching out for the nut or other dainty which is offered them. Some will even venture to hunt in one's pockets for choice bits of food.

The squirrel has many enemies, such as the weasel, the fox, and the hawk. A hawk flying alone in search of food is not a very dangerous foe, for the squirrel can easily take care of himself by dodging among the trees. But when two hawks are hunting together, he is likely to become confused, and, while hiding from one, fall into the clutches of the other.

The gray squirrel often leaves his home and travels long distances. Just why he does this, no one knows. If rivers or lakes are in his way, he swims bravely across them. It is said that sometimes he pushes a piece of bark into the water, seats himself upon it, and using his bushy tail as a sail, drifts before the wind to the opposite shore.

THE LITTLE LAND¹

When at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies —
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play ;
To the fairy land afar
Where the Little People are ;
Where the clover tops are trees,
And the rain pools are the seas,
And the leaves like little ships
Sail about on tiny trips ;
And above the daisy tree
Through the grasses,
High o'erhead the bumble bee
Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go ;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by
Carrying parcels with their feet,
Down the green and grassy street.

¹ From "A Child's Garden of Verses," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

I can in the sorrel sit
 Where the ladybird alit.
 I can climb the jointed grass
 And on high
 See the greater swallows pass
 In the sky,
 And the round sun rolling by,
 Heeding no such things as I.

Through the forest I can pass
 Till, as in a looking glass,
 Humming fly and daisy tree
 And my tiny self I see,
 Painted very clear and neat
 On the rain pool at my feet.
 Should a leaflet come to land,
 Drifting near to where I stand,
 Straight I'll board that tiny boat
 Round the rain-pool sea to float.

Little thoughtful creatures sit
 On the grassy coasts of it ;
 Little things with lovely eyes
 See me sailing with surprise.
 Some are clad in armor green —
 These have sure to battle been ! —

Some are pied with ev'ry hue,
 Black and crimson, gold and blue ;
 Some have wings and swift are gone ; —
 But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
 Open, and see all things plain ;
 High bare walls, great bare floor ;
 Great big knobs on drawer and door ;
 Great big people perched on chairs,
 Stitching tucks and mending tears,
 Each a hill that I could climb —
 And talking nonsense all the time

Oh, dear me !

That I could be
 A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
 A climber in the clover tree,
 And just come back, a sleepy head,
 Late at night to go to bed.

EXPRESSION: Read this poem silently and think of yourself in Fairyland among the Little People. Name the little things that you would see in the clover and the grass, and the larger ones that fly overhead. Now read the poem aloud, so as to tell what you have seen and what you think.



A LITTLE HISTORY

I. THE TOMBOY

About three hundred years ago there lived not far from the James River, in what is now the state of Virginia, a little girl whose name was Matoax. She was an Indian girl, handsome and merry, with bright, black eyes and long, black hair which she was fond of adorning with feathers.

She had not many dresses. The one which she wore most of the time was a sort of frock of soft, dressed deerskin, fringed and trimmed with beads and porcupine quills. Her leggings and moccasins were also of deerskin, and instead of a cloak she

wore a coarse warm blanket, with red and yellow stripes on it.

All children who have studied history have heard of this Indian girl, but by another name. She was so full of life, so fond of play, and so much braver than other girls, that her father gave her the nickname of Pocahontas, or "tomboy." When the Englishmen who had lately come to the James River asked him the name of his daughter, he promptly answered, "Pocahontas."

The Indians in the great forest of Virginia had a queer notion that it was unlucky to tell any one's name to strangers. So they concealed the child's true name, Matoax, and the white men always knew her by her nickname. So, also, while her father's real name was Wa-hun-son-a-cook, he was known only as the Powhatan, which in the Indian language meant "the king."

Matoax and all her family and relatives lived in a long, low house, made of bark and boughs. The house contained several small rooms separated from each other by curtains of skins; and in front there was a long passageway, which ran the whole length of the house. In this passageway were the fireplaces — shallow pits dug in the ground, with openings in the roof above them, to let the smoke out.

One winter morning, when it was too cold to play

out of doors, Matoax and her companions were having a grand frolic in the long passageway. The spaces between the fires gave them plenty of room, and there they were jumping and whirling around in dizzy circles. It was fine exercise, and great fun.

"Now, see me whirl!" shouted the tomboy. Then, after a hop, skip, and jump, she began to whirl round and round like a wheel or a big humming top.

Just at this moment, Rabunta, the Indian runner, burst into the house with great news to tell the Powhatan. He was in such haste that he did not notice the whirling child. He ran plump against her—thump! bump!—and both rolled over into the nearest fireplace. But they leaped out as quickly as they had fallen in, and neither was hurt.

Everybody laughed; for Indians love a rough joke. Matoax was scolded sharply, and sent out to help her mother grind corn; and the runner hurried away to find the Powhatan and tell his great news.

Great news indeed it was to the Indians in that little village. What was it? The white captain, John Smith, had been taken prisoner—he was even then being brought to the council house of the Powhatan.

"Good! good!" said the great chief. "Tell me how it happened, Rabunta."

So Rabunta told the whole story. "The white cap-

tain was in camp with only two of his men. Your brother, the second chief, saw him there and set upon him with two hundred braves. It was easy to slay his two companions, but the white captain has a charmed life. He lifted his thunder-stick and the fire poured from it more than once. How many of our braves were hurt I cannot tell. The white chief would have gotten away from us had he not fallen into a quagmire. Oh, but he is a great brave !”

Then the Powhatan and all the red men who were with him repeated, “Yes, he is a great brave !” And they made ready to receive the prisoner.

II. THE WHITE CAPTAIN

At length the white captain arrived, guarded by two hundred braves. He was led into the great council house. The Powhatan stood at one end of the room, a cape of raccoon skins on his shoulders and a crown of eagle’s feathers on his head.

The warriors stood in rows on each side, and they too were dressed in furs and feathers. Behind the warriors, the Indian women stood, curious to see the famous white chief. Their necks were painted red ; their heads were covered with the white down of birds ; over their shoulders hung strings of beads.

All the Indians shouted when the prisoner was led

in. The mother of Matoax brought water for him to wash his hands. Another woman gave him a bundle of feathers to use as a towel. After this they brought him food. They gave him such a dinner as he had not had for many a day.

"Yes, he is a great brave!" they said to one another.

"Now what shall we do with this prisoner we have taken?" asked the Powhatan.

Some of his warriors said one thing, some another. But the most of them thought that if the white captain were put out of the way, the English people would soon go back to their own country and give them no more trouble.

"But he is so brave and so wise," said the Powhatan, "it is a pity to do him harm."

Then others spoke and told of the harm that might come to the Indians if the white men were permitted to stay in their country. And at last it was agreed that the white captain should die.

Two large stones were brought in and placed in front of the Powhatan. Then the white captain, John Smith, was led to them and made to put his head on one of them. Two sturdy chiefs, each with a club in his hand, stood by, waiting the word of command.

All at once, from the place where the women stood, a shrill cry was heard. Then the little girl, Matoax,

ran across the room and threw her arms around the neck of the white captain. She placed her own head upon his, and looked up at the two chiefs with clubs, as much as to say, "You cannot strike him without striking me!"



Her father, the Powhatan, and all the Indian braves were amazed. For a minute or two not a sound was heard in the big council house. Then the little heroine whom we always call by her nickname, Pocahontas, pleaded with her father for the life of the brave prisoner. "Please spare him, father, and let him be my own big brother. He is wise and good and will never harm our people."

The heart of the old chief was touched. He told the braves with clubs to lay down their weapons. The white captain was lifted from the ground; the cords which bound his arms were removed; all the Indian warriors were ready to be his friends.

"You shall be my son," said the Powhatan. "You shall be the elder brother of my little Pocahontas."

So, instead of being put to death, John Smith was adopted into the family of the great Indian chief. He was kept in the little village for two days and feasted and honored as though he were a real Indian brave. He talked and played with the little Matoax, and they became the best of friends. On the third day he was sent back to his own people, having with him a guard of honor and carrying many presents from his adoptive father, the Powhatan.

EXPRESSION: Who are the two principal characters in this story? Read the two paragraphs which describe the little Indian girl. Why was she called Pocahontas?

Read what Rabunta said to the Powhatan.

Read the description of the Indian women.

Tell about the Indians: (1) their homes; (2) their manner of dress; (3) what they thought of the white captain; (4) what they thought of Matoax.

WORD STUDY: Pronounce correctly: *Ma tō'ax*; *Pō ca-hōn'tas*; *Pow ha tăn'*; *Vir gĭn'i a*; *Ra bun'ta*; *Wă'hun sōn'a-coōk*; *quăg'mire*, *coun'cĭl*; *a dōp'tive*.



AN OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL ¹

More than two hundred and fifty years ago there was a schoolmaster in Boston whose name was Ezekiel Cheever. He was a young man when he came from England to the little new colony in Massachusetts, and he taught school there until he was a very old gentleman with long, white beard and venerable aspect. What a queer little school that must have been in those days now so long gone by !

¹ From "Grandfather's Chair," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Imagine yourselves, my children, in Master Cheever's schoolroom. It is a large and dingy room. The floor is sanded, and the few little windows have diamond-shaped panes of glass and turn on hinges.

The scholars sit on long benches, with desks before them. At one end of the room is a great fireplace, so wide and deep that there is room enough for three or four boys to stand in each of the chimney corners. This was the good old fashion of fireplaces, when there was wood enough in the forests to keep people warm without digging in the earth for coal.

It is a cold day in winter when we visit the school-room. See what great logs of wood have been rolled into the fireplace, and what a broad, bright blaze goes leaping up the chimney!

The master's chair is placed in the most comfortable part of the room. The fire glows warm upon it, and the great man who sits in it is pleased and happy. Do you see the venerable schoolmaster? How severe he looks, and how grand, with a black skullcap on his head, and the snow of his white beard drifting down to his very girdle! What boy would dare to play or whisper while Master Cheever is on the look-out behind his spectacles? For such offenders, if any such there be, a rod of birch is hanging over the fireplace, and a heavy ferule lies on the master's desk.

School has begun. What a murmur of many voices, like the whispering leaves of a great oak, as the scholars con over their various tasks! Buzz! buzz! buzz! Amid just such a murmur has Master Cheever spent sixty years or more. Long habit has made it as pleasant to him as the hum of a beehive when the insects are busy in the sunshine.

Now a class is called up to recite. Out steps a row of queer-looking little fellows, wearing square-skirted coats and short trousers with buttons at the knee. They look like so many grandfathers in their second childhood. These lads are being made ready for college; they will soon be sent over to Cambridge and educated for a profession.

Master Cheever has lived so long, and seen so many boys grow up, that he knows pretty well what sort of a man each boy will be. One will be a doctor and give pills and potions, and move gravely through life, perfumed with asafetida. Another will be a lawyer, and fight his way to wealth and honors and a place in the King's Council. A third — and he is the master's favorite — will be a minister. He will preach with power, and write volumes of sermons for future ages.

Next comes a class in arithmetic. These boys are to be the merchants and shopkeepers of to-morrow. Up to this time they have traded only in marbles and

apples. In a few years they will be sending ships to England for all kinds of manufactured goods, and to the West Indies for sugar and coffee. Some of them will stand behind counters, and measure tape and ribbons and calico by the yard. Others will wield the blacksmith's hammer, or drive the carpenter's plane, or take the lapstone and the awl and learn the shoemaker's trade. Many will follow the sea, and become bold, rough ship captains.

But alas! while we have been thinking of other matters, Master Cheever's watchful eye has caught two boys at play. Now we shall see awful times.

The two boys are called up to the master's chair, wherein he sits with the frown of a judge upon his brow. The master has taken down the terrible birch rod. Short is the trial, the sentence is quickly passed. Thwack! thwack! thwack! In these good old times the schoolmaster's blows are well laid on.

Mercy on us, what a bellowing the poor fellows make! Our ears are almost deafened. There, go to your seats, dear boys; and do not cry because of their pain, my children, for they have ceased to feel it long, long ago.

Thus the forenoon passes away. Now it is twelve o'clock. The master looks at his great silver watch; then, very slowly, he puts the ferule into his desk.

The boys sit waiting with impatience for his next words of command.

“You are dismissed,” says Master Cheever.

The boys rise and go out, stepping very softly until they have passed the threshold. But once fairly away, and what a joyous shout! What a scampering and tramping of feet! Who cares now for the ferule and the birch rod? Were boys born merely to study arithmetic and such things? No; they were born to be happy, to leap, to run, to shout.

Happy boys! Enjoy your playtime now, and come again to-morrow to study and to feel the birch rod and the ferule. Yes, play, boys, and be happy; for the morrow cometh with its hard lessons and its various duties; and after that, still another morrow with troubles of its own.

EXPRESSION: Who is the principal character in this story? Read the lines which describe his appearance; his manner and feeling towards his pupils.

Read the description of the schoolroom.

Describe the boys at Master Cheever's school. How did they feel toward the master? What kind of men will they become?

Read the last paragraph. Whose words are these supposed to be?

WORD STUDY: Pronounce correctly: *Bos'ton*, *Mas-sa-chū'setts*, *E ze'kī el*, *Chee'ver*, *Cām'bridge*; *fēr'ule*, *dēaf'ened*, *mur'mur*, *pro fes'sion*, *per fumed'*, *as a fet'i da*.

THANKSGIVING¹

For all that God in mercy sends :
For health and strength, for home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and pleasant talk,
For guidance in our daily walk,
For all these things give thanks.

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood,
For all these things give thanks.

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun which shines on high,
For stars that glitter in the sky, —
For these and everything we see,
O Lord, our hearts we lift to thee,
And give thee hearty thanks.

¹ By Ellen Isabella Tupper.



THE WILLFUL SPARROW¹

"Well, Dicky, where have you been? All your brothers and sisters have had their heads tucked under their wings for the last half hour, and I'm as sleepy as can be, watching for you."

"Well, mother, I'm very sorry I'm so late," panted Dicky, as he settled himself down in the cozy nest. "You don't know how I've hurried. I've been far, far away, down by the sea."

"Why did you go there?" asked the mother sparrow.

"Well, I overheard some swallows talking about a great party they were going to join down there, and so I followed them. And, oh, mother! you can't

By Alfred E. Hooper.

think what crowds and crowds of swallows were there."

"Yes, I know. They always gather there, just before cold weather begins. But, Dicky, you shouldn't force yourself into such high company; it isn't becoming. How you must have looked in your dull brown suit among all those grand and graceful fellows in their black dress coats and white vests!"

"Well, I did feel rather awkward," said Dicky; "but I soon got so interested in their talk that I forgot about everything else."

"What were they talking about?" asked the mother sparrow, sleepily, while her head nodded and her eyes blinked.

"About a warm and beautiful country far over the sea. They are all going there to-morrow, mother. They go there to escape the cold and the snow."

"Oh, yes, they do that every year," said the mother bird; and she tucked her head under her wing for the night.

"And I'm going, too," said Dicky.

Up jerked the mother's sleepy brown head, and Dicky felt a sharp tap on his beak.

"Don't let me hear such nonsense as that again!" cried the mother bird. "You don't know what you're talking about. Your safest place is at home."

Dicky made no answer, but cuddled down in the nest and made believe he was going to sleep. He sat and thought for a long time. He thought how grand it would be to fly away to a land where there was no snow, and where he could play in the sunshine all the year round.

"Well, mother doesn't know about such things," he said to himself. "Anyhow, I'm going with the swallows."

The next morning all the birds were stirring at an early hour, and at a sign from their mother they flew down to the shrubs just in front of the old brick house, and sat there looking in at the dining-room window. This was a long window, and in a little while it was opened, and a little girl came out with a dish of crumbs in her hand.

The birds knew her quite well, and so did not fly away. But Dicky wondered why she was wearing her little red cape and hood so early in the morning.

"I must tell you good-by now, you dear little birdies," said the child. "I am going out on the great, beautiful sea to-day. I am going in papa's yacht, and I wish I could take you with me."

"She's a sensible little girl," said Dicky to himself, as a shower of crumbs fell around him.

But he did not begin to eat with the other birds.

He looked around, and then flew quietly away among the bushes and green trees.

“Crumbs, indeed!” he sneered, “I’m going over the sea, where there are better things — juicy



fruits and such like. You don’t catch me staying at home in this dull weather.”

Away, away flew Dicky. Away, away he flew over garden and field and wood till at last he reached a rocky shore where the great waves were breaking in clouds of spray.

Here were the swallows. Some were on the ledges of the rocks, some on the trees, and some on the fences. Hundreds more were skimming through the air close to the ground or shooting like arrows far up towards the sky.

Soon Dicky heard a strange, shrill cry. The next moment there was a mighty, rushing noise, and then like a black cloud the whole flock of swallows arose and moved forward over the sea.

Clap, clap, clap, went Dicky's wings, and away he flew in the wake of the swiftly moving swallows.

"Well, this is glorious," he said as he heard the rush of the waves far below, and felt the fresh salt breeze playing around him. "What a fine thing it is to be brave! Won't mother open her eyes when I go back and tell her what a wonderful time I have had?"

He felt so light and joyous that he wished to chirrup his gladness; but then, he must save his breath in case of need. He could not see any land yet; and the black cloud of swallows was so far ahead of him that he could scarcely see it.

"I hope I shan't lose sight of them," said Dicky; and began to work his wings harder.

Very soon he began to feel tired. His breath came hot and thick, and he wished there was a tree where he might rest a minute. But trees do not grow in the sea.

He looked down. Far, far below he saw a tiny white-sailed ship bobbing about on the waves. Then he cast a wistful look behind him.

Ah, here came a swallow who had been left behind. She was with two young swallows, and all were flying with might and main to overtake their kin. The sparrow slacked his speed, and waited for them to come up.

Then he said timidly, "Please, can you tell me if it's much farther?"

"Well, well!" cried the older swallow. "Here's a sparrow. Don't talk to him, my dears. He's not what we can call company."

"I'm very sorry," said Dicky; "but I thought you would be so good as to tell me if it's much farther."

"Is *what* much farther?" asked the swallow, snappishly.

"The place where you're all going to."

"Just hark at him, children!" laughed the swallow. "Now you have heard for yourselves what an ignorant bird a sparrow is. Is it much farther? Why, you silly thing, of course it is. We have only started, and the sooner you get back home, the better for you."

Then the swallow, with her two children, flew onwards, and poor Dicky was left fluttering helplessly over the great sea.

"I do believe mother was right, after all," he said. "How foolish I shall look when I get back home!"

But as he turned homewards a great fear came over him. Oh, if he were only safe in his mother's nest again! For his wings had grown so weak that he could scarcely move them.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? I shall be drowned, I know I shall!"

He sank lower and lower. His wings flapped wildly. He could not see where he was going. He gave himself up as lost.

Down, down, lower and lower still, poor Dicky fluttered. But just as he thought he was plunging into the sea, something warm and soft closed over him. Then he heard a voice saying:

"Poor little foolish thing, to try to fly so far!"

Dicky knew whose voice it was. He opened his eyes quickly. He was lying quite safe and warm in the hands of the very same little girl who had scattered the crumbs from the dining-room window that morning.

He knew her quite well by her voice, and by her red cape and hood.

"Oh, mother!" cried the little girl, "what a good thing that the yacht was right here when the birdie fell! I do believe he's one of my very own birdies that I feed every morning."

"Why, how can you tell, my dear?" said a sweet

voice near them. "All sparrows are very much alike."

"Well, I think I should know my own anywhere," said the little girl. "As soon as I get home this afternoon, I will let this one fly out of the dining-room window."

And she was as good as her word.

Dicky was kept quite safe in a basket lined with wool; and he was fed with a lump of sugar and bread crumbs. When the yacht reached the shore, the little girl took him home with her to the old brick house.

Then she kissed his soft little head; she said, "Good-by, dear birdie;" and then she put him out on the step before the dining-room window.

How happy Dicky was then! With a great flapping of his rested wings he flew up to the nest in the ivy. There he found his mother, at home with his brothers and sisters. He had never seen the nest look so pretty and comfortable.

"Where have you been?" cried his mother.

She was going to scold him severely. But he told her the whole story of his danger, and said that he was sorry he had been so headstrong and willful. And so she forgave him, and said that he had been punished enough.

"Tell me, mother dear," said Dicky, "why couldn't I fly as well as the swallows?"

"My child," she answered, "every creature has some special good gift by which its life is made happy. Swallows are delicate birds and would die here in the winter. So they have beautiful slim bodies and long wings that they may fly far and fast, and catch the summer in other lands.

"But as for us sparrows, we are strong and hardy and can live on almost anything. We have warm plush jackets that keep out the cold. So there is no need for us to fly far away to seek for warmer lands; and our bodies are so plump and our wings so short that we couldn't do so if we wished. Now, go out and play, and perhaps you'll find some more crumbs under the dining-room window."

EXPRESSION: Read the story silently and try to understand everything that is said and done.

One may play the part of Dicky and another the part of the mother sparrow. Read the conversation on pages 217 and 218. Read the conversation between Dicky and the swallows on page 222.

Read the paragraphs on page 221, describing the flight of the swallows, how Dicky felt, and what he did. Try to make a shut-eye picture of the birds. Read so that those who hear you will see the picture.

WORD STUDY: Be sure to pronounce correctly: *awk'ward*, *in'ter est ed*, *shrubs*, *shrill*, *chir'rup*, *wist'ful*, *yacht*.

THE STORY OF A TREE¹

I. THE WOODMAN

A few days ago I was riding out of town with an old friend when he asked me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale.

"What is your object?" I inquired.

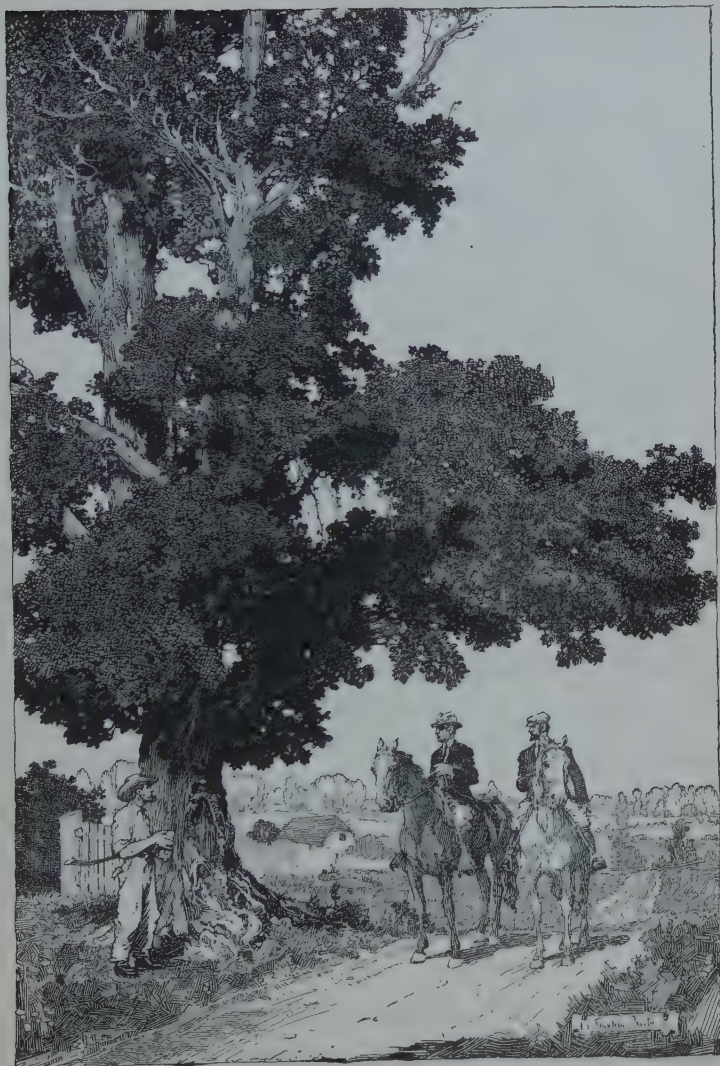
"Merely to look once more at an old tree," he answered. "It was planted by my grandfather, long before I was born. My sister played with me there. There I often listened to the good advice of my parents. Father, mother, sisters, all are gone; nothing but the old tree remains." And a paleness overspread his fine countenance, while tears came to his eyes.

After a moment's pause he added: "Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is, but I never ride out without turning down this lane to look at the old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend."

These words were hardly uttered when my friend cried out, "There it is!"

Near the old tree stood a man with his coat off, sharpening an ax.

¹ By George P. Morris.



“Woodman, spare that tree!”

FOURTH AND FIFTH RDR. — 15

"You are not going to cut that tree down, surely?"

"Yes, that is just what I am going to do," said the woodman.

"Why are you going to cut it down?" inquired my friend with choking emotion.

"Why? Well, I'll tell you. I want the tree for firewood," was the answer.

"What is the tree worth to you for firewood?"

"Well, I suppose about ten dollars."

"Suppose I should give you that sum," said my friend, "would you let it stand?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You are sure of that?"

"I am positive."

"Then give me a bond to that effect."

We went into the little cottage, once the home of my companion, now occupied by the woodman and his family. I drew up the bond. It was signed, and the money paid over. As we left the house, the young daughter of the woodman assured us that while she lived the tree should not be cut down.

These circumstances made a strong impression on my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the poem which follows.

II. "WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"

Woodman, spare that tree !

Touch not a single bough !

In youth it sheltered me,

And I'll protect it now.

'Twas my forefather's hand

That placed it near his cot ;

There, woodman, let it stand,

Thy ax shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,

Whose glory and renown

Are spread o'er land and sea —

And wouldst thou hew it down ?

Woodman, forbear thy stroke !

Cut not its earth-bound ties ;

Oh, spare that agèd oak

Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy,

I sought its grateful shade ;

In all their gushing joy

Here, too, my sisters played.

My mother kissed me here ;

My father pressed my hand —

Forgive this foolish tear,

But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend !
 Here shall the wild bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree ! the storm still brave !
 And, woodman, leave the spot ;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy ax shall harm it not.

PLANTING A TREE¹

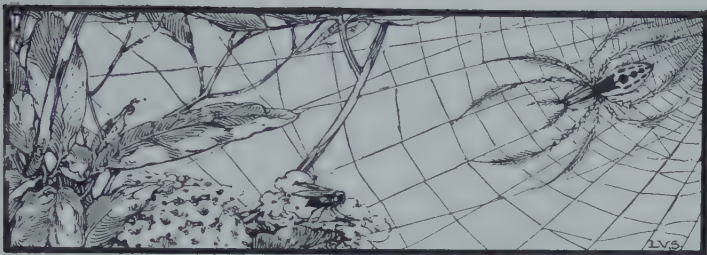
He who plants a tree,
 He plants love.
 Tents of coolness spreading out above
 Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
 Gifts that grow are best ;
 Hands that bless are blest ;
 Plant ! Life does the rest !
 Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
 And his work its own reward shall be.

EXPRESSION: Choose parts and read the conversation on page 228. Be sure to speak distinctly and in natural tones.

To whom is Mr. Morris's poem addressed ?

Read Lucy Larcom's poem silently, then aloud. Be sure to observe the pauses that are marked.

¹ By Lucy Larcom.



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY¹

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider
to the fly,

"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did
spy.

The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show when
you are there."

"Oh, no, no," said the little fly, "to ask me is
in vain,

For who goes up your winding stair, can ne'er
come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring
up so high;

Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider
to the fly.

¹ By Mary Howitt.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around ; the sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in !"

"Oh, no, no," said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again who sleep upon your bed !"

Said the cunning spider to the fly : "Dear friend,
what can I do
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you ?

I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice ;

I'm sure you're very welcome — will you please to take a slice ?"

"Oh, no, no," said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be ;

I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise ;

How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes !

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf ;
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,

For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again ;

So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.

Then he came out to his door again, and merrily he sings :

"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wings ;

Your robes are green and purple ; there's a crest upon your head ;

Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead !"

Alas ! alas ! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by.

With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and
 nearer drew,
 Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and her green
 and purple hue, —
 Thinking only of her crested head, — poor foolish
 thing! At last
 Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held
 her fast.
 He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dis-
 mal den,
 Within his little parlor — but she ne'er came out again !

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
 To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give
 heed.

Unto an evil counselor close heart and ear and eye,
 And take a lesson from this tale of the spider and the fly.

EXPRESSION: In this story the spider and the fly are
 supposed to talk to each other. What is such a story called ?
 Name some other fables that you have read.

Choose parts; let one read what the spider says and
 another repeat the answers made by the fly.

WORD STUDY: Spell and pronounce: *parlor*, *curtains*,
affection, *gauzy*, *brilliant*, *subtle* (pronounced *sūt'tl*), *di'a mond*,
wi'ly, *coun'se lor*.

Make a list of words ending in *ing*; in *or*; in *er*. Pro-
 nounce each word distinctly many times.

PANDORA¹

Long ago when this old world was young, there was a child whose name was Epimetheus. He had neither father nor mother, and in order that he might not be lonely, another child who was also fatherless and motherless was sent to live with him and be his playfellow. Her name was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw, when she entered the cottage where Epimetheus dwelt, was a great box. And almost the first question she asked was this :

“Epimetheus, what have you in that box?”

“Pandora, that is a secret,” answered Epimetheus, “and you must be kind enough not to ask any questions about it. The box was left here for safe keeping, and I don’t know what it contains.”

“But who gave it to you? And where did it come from?” asked Pandora.

“That is a secret, too,” answered Epimetheus.

“How provoking!” said Pandora, pouting her lips. “I wish the great ugly box were out of the way.”

It is thousands of years since Epimetheus and Pandora were alive; and the world, nowadays, is a very different sort of thing from what it was in their time. Then everybody was a child. No fathers nor mothers

¹ By Nathaniel Hawthorne (abridged).

were needed to take care of the children, for there was no danger, nor trouble of any kind, and there was always plenty to eat and to drink.

The children had a very pleasant time indeed. No labor to be done, no tasks to be studied ; nothing but sports and dances, and sweet voices of children talking, or caroling like birds, or gushing out in jolly laughter throughout the livelong day.

It is probable that the very greatest disquietude which a child had ever experienced was Pandora's vexation at not being able to discover the secret of the mysterious box.

"What in the world can be inside of it?" she was always asking.

"As I have already said, fifty times over, I don't know," answered Epimetheus, getting a little vexed.

"Well, you might open it," said Pandora, "and then we could see for ourselves what is in it."

"Pandora, what are you thinking of?" exclaimed Epimetheus. And his face showed so much horror at the idea of looking into the box that Pandora thought it best not to suggest it any more.

One day Epimetheus went out into the garden leaving Pandora in the house alone. The child could not help looking at the box. She had called it ugly about a hundred times ; but in spite of all that, it was

really a very handsome piece of furniture. It was made of a beautiful kind of wood, and was so highly polished that Pandora could see her face in it.

The lid of the box was fastened, not by a lock, but by a very intricate knot of gold cord. Never was a knot so cunningly twisted; and the very difficulty there was in it tempted Pandora to examine it, again and again, just to see how it was made.

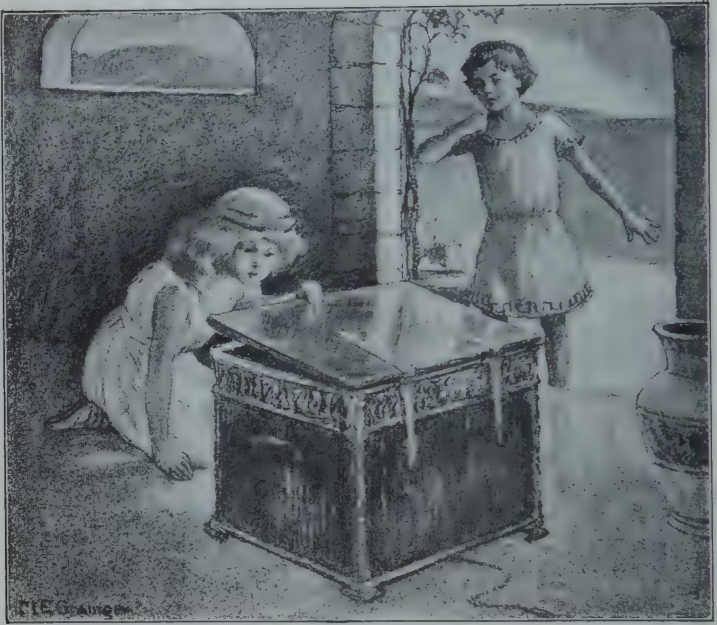
Her curiosity grew and grew. At length, she took the golden knot in her fingers; and almost without knowing what she was about, she was soon busily engaged in attempting to undo it. Suddenly, she gave the cord a kind of twist which produced a wonderful result. The knot was loosened as if by magic, and the box was without a fastening.

"This is the strangest thing I ever knew," said Pandora. "What will Epimetheus say? And how can I possibly tie it up again?"

She made one or two attempts to restore the knot, but soon found it quite beyond her skill. Nothing could be done, therefore, but to let the box remain as it was until Epimetheus should come in.

"And how shall I make him believe that I have not looked into the box?" said Pandora to herself.

As she was looking and pondering she suddenly fancied that she heard small voices within the box.



She listened. Presently she heard them again and more distinctly. What were they saying?

“Let us out, dear Pandora. Please let us out. We will be good playfellows for you. Only let us out!”

“What can it be?” thought Pandora. “Is there something alive in the box? Well!—yes!—I think I shall take just one peep. Only one peep; and then the lid shall be shut down as safely as ever.”

As Pandora raised the lid, the cottage grew dark and dismal; for a black cloud had swept quite over the sun. But she heeded nothing of this. She lifted

the lid nearly upright, and looked inside. It seemed as if a sudden swarm of winged creatures brushed past her, taking flight out of the box, while, at the same instant, she heard the voice of Epimetheus, with a lamentable tone, as if he were in pain.

“Oh, I am stung!” cried he. “I am stung! Naughty Pandora! why have you opened this box?”

Pandora let fall the lid; but she heard a disagreeable buzzing, as if a great many huge flies, or gigantic mosquitoes, were darting about; and she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes, with bats’ wings, looking very spiteful, and armed with terribly long stings in their tails. It was one of these that had stung Epimetheus.

Now if you wish to know what these things were, which had escaped from the box, I will tell you. They were the whole family of earthly Troubles. There were evil Passions; there were a great many Sorrows; there were Diseases in a vast number of shapes; and there were more kinds of Naughtiness than I need to tell you about. In short, everything that has since afflicted mankind had been shut up in that mysterious box.

Both Pandora and Epimetheus had been grievously stung. Epimetheus sat down sullenly in a corner; while Pandora flung herself upon the floor and rested her head upon the fatal box. She was crying bitterly, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Suddenly there was a gentle little tap on the inside of the lid.

“What can that be?” cried Pandora.

Again the tap! It sounded like the tiny knuckles of a fairy’s hand, knocking lightly and playfully on the inside of the box.

“Who are you?” asked Pandora. “Who are you, inside of this naughty box?”

A sweet little voice spoke from within:

“Only lift the lid, and you shall see.”

“Epimetheus,” cried Pandora, “did you hear that little voice?”

“Yes, to be sure I did,” answered Epimetheus from his corner. “And what of it?”

“Well,” said Pandora, “come what may, I am resolved to open the box again.”

“And as the lid seems very heavy,” cried Epimetheus, running across the room, “I will help you.”

So, with one consent, the two children again lifted the lid. Out flew a sunny and smiling little personage, and hovered about the room, throwing a light wherever she went. She flew to Epimetheus, and laid the least touch of her finger on the inflamed spot where the Trouble had stung him, and immediately the anguish of it was gone. Then she kissed Pandora on the forehead, and her hurt was cured likewise.

"Who are you?" inquired Pandora.

"I am to be called Hope!" answered the sunshiny figure. "I was sent to make amends to the human race for that swarm of ugly Troubles, which was destined to be let loose among them. Never fear! we shall do pretty well in spite of them all."

"And will you stay with us, forever and ever?" asked Epimetheus.

"As long as you need me," said Hope, with her pleasant smile. "I promise never to desert you."

EXPRESSION: This is one of the beautiful stories that have come down to us from the people who lived in Greece thousands of years ago. Read it silently and try to understand the meaning of every passage.

Who are the principal characters? What kind of child was Pandora? What kind of child was Epimetheus? Which would you prefer as a friend? Why?

Read the conversation on page 235.

Read the conversation on page 236.

Read what Epimetheus said, on page 239.

Read page 240 again and again until you are able to give the natural and correct expression to every sentence.

WORD STUDY: Pronounce each syllable: *Ep ĭ mē'theūs* (four syllables only), *Pan dō'ra*; *af flict'ed*, *buzz'ing*, *cār'ol ing*, *dis eas'es*, *ex am'ine*, *fur'ni ture*, *griev'ous ly*, *hor'ror*, *in'tri cate*, *knuck'les*, *lam'en table*, *mys te'ri ous*, *or'na ment*, *pro vok'ing*, *sug gest'*, *vex a'tion*, *year'ly*, *per'son age*, *an'guish*, *fore'head*.

See "Review of Words" at the end of this book.

AFTER BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found,
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout ;
And often, when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out !

¹ By Robert Southey, a famous English poet (1774-1843).

For many thousand men," said he,
 "Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin he cries ;
 While little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes ;
 "Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 "Who put the French to rout ;
 But what they killed each other for
 I could not well make out.
 But everybody said," quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by ;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly ;
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head."

"With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then
 And new-born baby died :

But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun :

But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene.”

“Why, ’twas a very wicked thing !”
Said little Wilhelmine.

“Nay — nay — my little girl,” quoth he,
“It was a famous victory.

“And everybody praised the duke
Who this great fight did win.”

“And what good came of it at last ?”
Quoth little Peterkin.

“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,
“But ’twas a famous victory.”

NOTE: Blenheim is a small village in Bavaria, Germany. The battle that is spoken of in the poem took place here in 1704.

WORD STUDY: — *Blenheim* (blen'īm); *Kas'par*; *Wil'hel mine*; *Pe'ter kin*; *Marlborough* (môl'brū); *Eugene* (ū jēn').

STORIES OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

I. IN SEARCH OF WORK

Benjamin Franklin was apprenticed to his brother James to learn the trade of printer. His brother was a hard master, and was always finding fault with his workmen. Sometimes he would beat young Benjamin and abuse him without cause.

When Benjamin was nearly seventeen years of age he made up his mind that he would not endure this treatment any longer. He told his brother that



he meant to leave him and find work with some one else.

His brother was alarmed when he learned that Benjamin really intended to do this, and he went to all the other printers in Boston and warned them not to employ the lad. Their father took the elder brother's part, and scolded Benjamin for being so saucy and so hard to please. But Benjamin would do no more work in James's printing house.

At length he made up his mind that, since he could not find employment in Boston, he would run away from home. He would go to New York and look for work there.

He sold his books to raise a little money. Then, without saying good-by to his father or mother or any of his brothers or sisters, he went on board of a ship that was just ready to sail from the harbor.

It is not likely that he was very happy while doing this. Long afterwards he said, "I reckon this as one of the first *errata* of my life."

What did he mean by *errata*?

Errata are mistakes — mistakes which sometimes cannot be easily corrected.

Three days after leaving Boston, Franklin arrived in New York. It was then October, in the year 1723. The lad had but very little money in his pocket. There was no one in New York that he knew. He was three hundred miles from home and friends.

As soon as he landed he went about the streets, looking for work. New York was only a little town then, and there was not a newspaper in it. There were but a few printing houses there, and these had not much work to do. The boy from Boston called at every place, but he found that nobody wanted to employ any more help.

At one of the little shops Franklin was told that perhaps he could find work in Philadelphia, for Philadelphia was at that time a larger and much more important place than New York.

Franklin decided to go there without delay. It would be easier to do this than to give up and try to return to Boston. But Philadelphia was one hundred miles farther from home; and one hundred miles was a very great distance in those days.

There are two ways of going from New York to Philadelphia. One way is by sea; the other is by land across the state of New Jersey.

As Franklin had but little money, he decided to take the shorter route by land; but he sent his little chest, containing his Sunday clothes, round by sea, in a boat.

He walked all the way from Perth Amboy, on the eastern shore of New Jersey, to Burlington on the Delaware River. Nowadays you may travel that distance in about an hour, for it is but little more than fifty miles. But at that time there were no railroads, and Franklin was nearly three days trudging along lonely wagon tracks, in a pouring rain.

At Burlington he was lucky enough to be taken on board of a small boat that was going down the river. Burlington is not more than thirty miles above Phila-



delphia; but the boat moved very slowly, and as there was no wind, the men took turns at rowing.

Night came on, and they were afraid that they might pass by Philadelphia in the darkness. So they landed, and camped on the shore, among the reeds and bushes, until morning.

Early the next day, which chanced to be Sunday, they arrived at Philadelphia. The boat was moored to the landing, and Benjamin Franklin stepped on shore at Market Street, where the Camden ferry-boats now have their slips.

No one who saw him could have guessed that he would one day be the greatest man in the city. He was indeed a sorry-looking fellow. He was dressed in his working clothes, and was very dirty from being so long on the road and in the little boat.

But of what happened to him on that first day in Philadelphia, we will let him tell his own story.

WORD STUDY: *Phil a del'phī a*, *Bār'ling ton*, *Del'a ware*, *errā'ta*, route (pronounced *rōot*).

II. THAT FIRST DAY IN PHILADELPHIA

Related by Himself

I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey ; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul or where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest ; I was very hungry ; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper.

The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing ; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little. Then I walked up a street, gazing about, till, near the market house, I met a boy with bread.

I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the



baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston ; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia.

Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not knowing the difference of money, or the greater cheapness or the names of his bread, I bade him give me threepenny-worth of any sort.

He gave me, accordingly, three great, puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and,

having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other.



Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Reed, my future wife's father;

when she, standing at the door, saw me and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward and ridiculous appearance.

I then turned and went down Chestnut Street and

part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way. Coming round, I found myself again near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and one of my rolls having satisfied me, I gave the other two to a woman and her child who had come down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go further.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led to a great meetinghouse of the Quakers near the market.

I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

NOTE: This story is from Dr. Franklin's "Autobiography." An autobiography is a history of one's life written by one's self. There have been few greater men in our country than Benjamin Franklin. He was born at Boston in 1706; died at Philadelphia in 1790. Read again the two lessons on pages 100 and 113 of this Reader.

III. A LESSON FROM DR. FRANKLIN¹

"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of." Thus wrote Benjamin Franklin who, better than most men, fully understood the value of time.

One day a customer who came into his little book-store in Philadelphia was dissatisfied with the price



which was demanded for a book he desired to purchase. "Please call the proprietor," he said to the clerk. "I wish to ask him about this."

"Mr. Franklin is in the press room," answered the clerk, "and he is very busy just now."

The man, however, who had already spent an hour in aimlessly turning over many books, insisted on seeing him. In answer to the clerk's summons, Mr. Franklin hurried out from the printing office at the

¹ From "Lessons in Life," by Orison Swett Marden.

back of the store and came in to see what was wanted.

"What is the lowest price you can take for this book, sir?" asked the would-be customer, holding up the volume he had chosen.

"One dollar and a quarter," was the prompt reply.

"A dollar and a quarter! Why, your clerk offered it to me a little while ago for only a dollar," cried the astonished customer.

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have afforded to take a dollar rather than leave my work and get a dollar and a quarter."

The man hesitated and looked at the book again. He was in doubt whether Mr. Franklin was in earnest or only joking. Then he said, coaxingly, "Come, now, Mr. Franklin, tell me really what is the lowest price for this book."

"One dollar and a half," was the grave reply.

"A dollar and a half! Why, it is not five minutes since you offered it to me for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes, and I could better have taken that price then than a dollar and a half now."

The crestfallen customer laid the money on the counter and left the store with his book. Perhaps he had learned that he who squanders his own time is foolish and he who wastes the time of others is a thief.

TWO CHRISTMAS POEMS

I. THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE¹

While shepherds watched their flocks by night
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he (for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind) :
 “Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

“To you in David’s town this day
 Is born of David’s line
 The Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
 And this shall be the sign :

“The heavenly babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
 And in a manger laid.”

Thus spoke the seraph ; and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels praising God, and thus
 Addressed their joyful song :

¹ By Nahum Tate, an English poet (1652–1715).

“ All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace ;
 Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
 Begin and never cease ! ”

II. CHRISTMAS BELLS¹

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
 Their old familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
 Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And thought how, as the day had come,
 The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
 Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
 The world revolved from night to day
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime
 Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Then from each black, accursed mouth,
 The cannon thundered North and South.,

¹ By Henry W. Longfellow.

And with the sound
 The carols drowned
 Of peace on earth, good will to men.

It was as if an earthquake rent
 The hearthstones of a continent,

And made forlorn
 The households born
 Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head;
 "There is no peace on earth," I said;

"For hate is strong
 And mocks the song
 Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
 "God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!

The Wrong shall fail,
 The Right prevail,
 With peace on earth, good will to men!"

EXPRESSION: Which of these two Christmas poems do you prefer? Why? Which stanza of the second poem do you like best? Memorize it. Speak it so as to be clearly understood by those who listen.

Pronounce these words correctly: *swāth'ing*, *mān'ger*, *cār'ols*, *bel'fries*, *Christendom* (*krīs'n dum*), *chant*, *ac cūrs'ed* (three syllables).



THE GRATEFUL ANIMALS ¹

Once upon a time there was a great drought in the mountain land of India. No rain fell for many months. The springs and rivers were dried up, and many animals died of thirst.

Now in that land there was a poor hermit who lived in a little hut by the side of a huge rock. From a crevice in this rock drops of water were always trickling slowly, in summer and winter the same.

When the hermit saw how the animals were suffering from thirst, his heart was filled with pity. With great labor he cut down a tree and hollowed it into a trough. Then he caught in his hands the drops which trickled from the rock and with much patience filled the trough with water.

¹ A Hindoo fable.

In this way he gave the animals drink. And they came from the woods and the fields, and drank and drank.

The hermit, seeing their eagerness and their joy, kept on collecting the water and pouring it into the trough. Day and night he toiled, scarcely stopping to eat or to sleep. He had no time to gather fruits for his own food. Hungry and faint he worked away at his task.

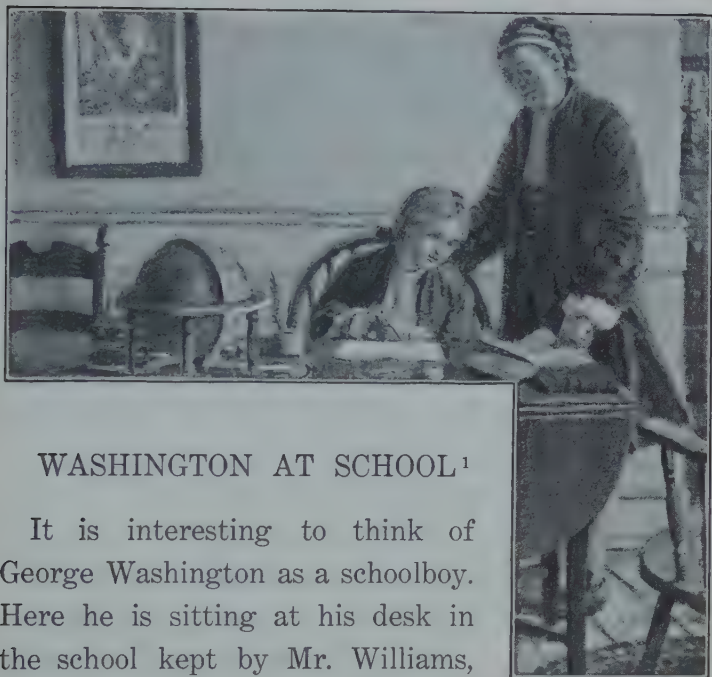
Then the elephant said, "See how this man toils for us and will not take the time to provide food for himself."

And the gazelle said, "He must be very hungry. Let us every one bring him some little thing from the forest that he can eat."

And all the rest cried, "Yes, yes! In that way we can repay him for his kindness to us."

So every day after that, each animal brought the hermit some kind of food. One would bring him a banana, one an apple, another some berries or some nuts. They brought so much that the hermit had enough not only for himself, but for many poor people who lived near by.

EXPRESSION: What is a fable? What does this fable teach? Repeat some other short story which teaches the same thing. Read with expression that which each animal said.



WASHINGTON AT SCHOOL¹

It is interesting to think of George Washington as a schoolboy. Here he is sitting at his desk in the school kept by Mr. Williams, the English schoolmaster.

The school is not much like the great public schools of to-day. It is a small private school, and the few boys who attend it are the sons of wealthy Virginia planters. Each boy studies such branches as he chooses, and the more diligent he is, the more rapid is his progress.

As for George Washington, he is looking forward to the time when he will be the manager of a great

¹ Adapted from "George Washington," by Horace E. Scudder.

plantation ; and his first aim is to learn those things which will then be of most use to him. So he practices penmanship in order to become a good writer. He studies arithmetic and surveying. He learns how to keep accounts, and how to make out bills and receipts and other business papers.

He has only a few books, and these are not very complete. Instead of finding printed forms in his arithmetic, ready at hand to be studied, he must depend upon his teacher. The teacher shows him some real account books and copies of deeds and leases and other legal documents, and he is expected to write others like them.

He spends a part of each day writing in his exercise books. All his work in these books is done with the utmost care. On some of the pages he draws beautiful ornamental letters to show the beginning of a new subject or chapter. Very seldom does he make a blot or an unnecessary mark.

In one of his exercise books he has copied over a hundred "Rules for Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation." The most of these have been copied from his favorite book, "The Young Man's Companion"; and the rest have probably been learned from his mother or his teacher. He has a great liking for doing things in an orderly way, and he has

memorized these rules in order to help him do the right thing at the right time.

Shall we peep into his exercise book and read a few of them?

“Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.”

“Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.”

“Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.”

“Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.”

“Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.”

“Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.”

“Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.”

“Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not. Put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.”

“Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.”

THE SHIP OF STATE¹

(To be Memorized)

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State !
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great !
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.

We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope !
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !

Fear not each sudden sound and shock ;
'Tis of the wave and not the rock,
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on nor fear to breast the sea !

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee !

¹By Henry W. Longfellow.

THE STORY OF BUCEPHALUS¹

Philonicus of Thessaly was the most famous horse raiser of his time. He prided himself particularly on his "ox-headed" horses — broad-browed creatures, with large heads and small, sharp ears set far apart. Proud animals these were. They were strong and high-spirited — just the kind for war steeds.

Among these "ox-heads" there was one that excelled all the others in beauty and in size. Philonicus prized him very highly, and yet was perplexed to know what to do with him. For, although he was now fourteen years old, he was so wild and ungovernable that no horseman had ever been able to mount him.

He was a handsome creature — coal-black, with a white star in his forehead. One eye was gray and the other brown. Everybody admired him, and people came great distances to see him.

Some men would have sold him for half the price of a common nag, and been glad to be rid of him. But Philonicus knew a thing or two. He never told how fierce and unmanageable the horse was, but was very careful to show all of his good points, which were many.

¹ From "The Horse Fair." Copyright by The Century Company.

Men came from all parts of Greece to see the wonderful Bucephalus, as he was called. They no sooner saw than they wished to buy him.

“What is the price?”

“Thirteen thousand dollars.”

That answer usually put an end to the talk. A very good horse might be bought for about seventy dollars, and a first-class war steed could be had for two hundred. Who, then, would pay thirteen thousand?

There were rich men who made Philonicus some very handsome offers — a thousand, five thousand, even seven thousand, dollars. But he knew what he was about, and held steadily to his first price; and this only made people admire the horse still more.

At length Philonicus got his price.

Philip, the ambitious king of Macedon, was the buyer. Philonicus counted his money, delivered the steed, and then hastened home before the king could have time to test his new war steed.

You may imagine what followed.

The horse was bridled and saddled and led out to the parade ground. He would not let the king touch him. He reared and plunged, and beat madly around him with his hoofs till everybody was glad to get out of his reach. The best horse tamers in

the country were called, but not one of them could mount him.

"Take him away!" cried the king in great rage. "Old Philonicus has played me a trick. He has sold me a wild, unbroken beast, telling me that it was the finest horse in the world."

But now Bucephalus would not be led away. The horse tamers tried to throw ropes around his feet; they beat him with long poles; they pelted him with stones; and still he remained on the parade ground.

Just then, the king's son, young Alexander, happened to come up.

"What a shame to spoil so fine a horse!" he cried. "Those fellows know nothing about handling him."

"Are you finding fault with men who are wiser than yourself?" asked the king. "Do you, a boy of twelve, know more about horses than these men who have spent their lives with them?"

"I can certainly handle this horse better," said Alexander.

"Suppose you try it."

"I wish that I might."

"If I let you try and you fail, how much will you forfeit?"

"The price of the horse. And what will you give me if I succeed?"

“The horse himself.”

Everybody laughed ; but the king said “Stand aside, and let the lad try it.”



Alexander ran quickly to the horse and turned his head toward the sun, for he had noticed that the animal was afraid of his own shadow. Then he spoke softly and gently to him, and kindly stroked his neck.

The horse seemed to know that he had found a friend, and little by little his uneasiness left him.

Soon with a light spring the lad leaped nimbly upon his back, and, without pulling the reins too hard, allowed him to start off at his own gait. Then, when he saw that the horse was no longer afraid, but only proud of his strength and speed, he urged him to do his utmost.

The king looked on with alarm. Everybody expected to see the boy unseated and dashed to the ground. But when he turned and rode back, proud of his daring feat, everybody cheered and shouted — everybody but his father, who wept for joy.

“My son,” he said, “you must look for a kingdom that is worthy of you ; for this one of mine is too small.”

After that, Bucephalus would allow his groom to mount him barebacked ; but when he was saddled nobody but Alexander dared touch him. He would even kneel to his young master, in order that he might mount more easily ; and for sixteen years thereafter he served him as faithfully as horse ever served man.

In the great battle that was fought with King Porus of India, Alexander rode too far into the enemy’s ranks. The horse and his rider became the target for every spear, and it seemed as if neither could escape. But the gallant Bucephalus, pierced by many

weapons, turned about and, overriding the foes that beset them, rushed back to a place of safety.

When he saw that his master was out of danger and among friends, the horse sank down upon the grass and died. Alexander mourned for him as for his dearest friend ; and the next city that he founded he named Bucephalia, in honor of the friend who had served him so well.

WORD STUDY : *Bu çéph'a lus* (ox-headed) ; *Phil ò nī'cus* ; *Thēs'sa ly*, a country of Greece, noted for its horses ; *Phil'ip* (lover of horses) ; *Măç'e don*, an ancient country north of Greece ; *Alex an'der*, commonly called *Alexander the Great*, king of Macedon and conqueror of the known world.

THE CHOOSING OF GREYFELL¹

When the sun had risen high above the trees, Siegfried went forth like a man, to take whatsoever fortune the day might send him. He went through the great forest and over the huge black mountains that stretched themselves across his way, and came to a pleasant country all dotted with white farm-houses and yellow with ripening corn.

He tarried not here, however, although many kind words were spoken to him, and all besought him to

¹ From "The Story of Siegfried," by James Baldwin. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.

stay. Onward he went, till he reached the waste land that bordered the sea. There high mountains stood, with snow-crowned crags looking over the waves ; and a great river, all foaming with the summer floods, went rolling through the valley.

But in the deep dells between the mountains there were rich meadows, green with grass and speckled with flowers, where great herds of cattle and deer and untamed horses fed in undisturbed peace. And Siegfried, when he saw them, knew that he had arrived at the famous pasture lands of Gripir, the oldest and wisest of all herdsmen.

High upon a mountain peak stood Gripir's dwelling — a mighty house, made of huge boulders, brought hither by giant hands. Upon its roof the eagles had built their nests, and around its doors the mountain vultures were always screaming.

Siegfried wondered, but was not afraid. He climbed the steep pathway which the feet of no other man had trod, and walked boldly into Gripir's hall. The room was so dark that at first he could see nothing save the white walls and the glass-green pillars which upheld the roof. But the light grew stronger, and presently he saw the ancient Gripir, seated under a canopy of stone. The chair of this son of the giants was made of sea-horses' teeth, a blue mantle was

thrown over his shoulders, and his white beard fell in waves almost to the marble floor.

Very wise seemed the ancient herdsman, and he smiled kindly at the boy, Siegfried.

“Hail to thee, Siegfried!” he cried. “Welcome, thou prince with the gleaming eye. Come and sit by my side in the high seat where no other man has sat, and I will tell thee of things that have been, and of things that are yet to be.”

So Siegfried went fearlessly forward and sat down by the side of the wise one. And they talked together long and earnestly — and each was glad to hear the cheering words of the other. All night long they talked, and at dawn Siegfried arose to go.

“You have not told me of your errand,” said old Gripir, “but I know what it is. The world is all before you. Take that which is your own. Choose from my pastures a steed that is worthy of you, and ride forth to win a name and fame among men.”

Then Siegfried, having spoken his thanks, ran down to the grassy dell where the horses were feeding. The beasts were all so fair that he knew not which to choose. As he paused in wonder, uncertain what to do, a strange man suddenly stood before him. Tall and handsome was the man, and his face beamed like the dawn of a summer day.

"Would you choose a horse, Sir Siegfried?" he asked kindly.

"Indeed, I would," answered the boy; "but it is hard to choose among so many that are excellent."

"There is one that is far better than the rest," said the stranger. "He will serve you, and never fail."

"Which is he?" asked Siegfried.

"Drive the herd into the river, and then see if you can pick him out," was the answer.

So Siegfried drove the horses down the sloping bank into the foaming stream; but the flood was too strong for them. Some soon turned back to the shore; and others, struggling madly, were swept away and carried to the distant sea.

Only one swam safely across. He shook the water from his mane and then turned and plunged again into the stream. Right bravely he stemmed the torrent the second time. He clambered up the sloping bank, and stood fearlessly by Siegfried's side.

"Do I need to tell you that this is the horse?" said the stranger. "This is Greyfell, the shining hope, worthy to serve the noblest of all heroes. Take him."

Then Siegfried noticed that the horse's mane glittered and flashed like the rays of the sun, and that his coat was as white and clear as the fresh-fallen snow on the mountains. He turned to speak to the



"I ride into the great wide world."

stranger, but he was nowhere to be seen, and Siegfried wondered who, indeed, this had been who had helped him in his choice.

With a light heart, he sprang upon the noble Greyfell and rode briskly across the meadows.

"Whither ridest thou?" cried Gripir, the ancient herdsman, from his doorway on the mountain crag.

"I ride into the great wide world," said Siegfried, "but I know not which road to take. Tell me, I pray you, whither I shall go; for you are wise, and you know the things which have been and the things which are to be."

"Do this," answered the son of the giants: "Wherever you can help the needy, there ride. Wherever you can right the wrong, there ride. Wherever you can punish evil, there ride, and fear not. Farewell."

And the mighty master of herdsmen withdrew into his lonely abode; and Siegfried rode joyously out into the world to do his part among men.

EXPRESSION: Read the story silently and observe the most interesting passages. Compare Greyfell with Bucephalus. Compare Siegfried with Alexander. Read with expression the dialogue between Siegfried and the stranger.

PROPER NAMES: *Siegfried* (*sēg'frēd*), a hero of many German legends; *Greyfell* (*grā'fēl*); *Grī'pir*, an ancient herdsman, the last of the giants.

TRAVEL ¹

I should like to rise and go
 Where the golden apples grow;—
 Where below another sky
 Parrot islands anchored lie,
 And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
 Lonely Crusoes building boats;—

Where in sunshine reaching out



Eastern cities, miles about,
 Are with mosque and minaret
 Among sandy gardens set,
 And rich goods from near and far
 Hang for sale in the bazaar;—

Where the Great Wall round China goes,
 And on one side the desert blows,
 And with bell and voice and drum,



Cities on the other hum;—
 Where are forests hot as fire,
 Wide as England, tall as a spire,
 Full of apes and coconuts
 And the negro hunters' huts;—
 Where the knotty crocodile
 Lies and blinks in the Nile,
 And the red flamingo flies

¹ From "A Child's Garden of Verses," by Robert Louis Stevenson.



Hunting fish before his eyes;—
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,

Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;—
Where among the desert sands



Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,

And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come when I'm a man,



With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights, and festivals;

And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

WORD STUDY: *mosque* (mōsk); *mīn'a ret*; *ba zaar'*; *fla-min'go*; *palanquin* (pal an kēen'); *cār'a van*; *E gŷp'tian*.

THE RAILROAD¹

It was a wild story that came to Trip's ears, and no wonder she was frightened out of what few little wits she had. For as she came around the rock a whole troop of her schoolmates sprang up to meet her, and one cried one thing, and one another, but the burden seemed to be, "The railroad! the railroad! Oh, have you heard?"

"Yes," said little Trip, unconcernedly; "I know there is a railroad going to run in Applethorpe."

"Oh, but that's nothing! It's going to run right through your house!" exclaimed Olive.

"Right through your front door!" added Martha.

"Now, I don't believe that," replied Trip. "A railroad can't get through a door."

"Why, of course," said Olive, "they'll take the door out; they'll pull the house down. A railroad is too big, — it's as big as a meeting-house." Olive had very hazy notions about railroads, never having seen one.

"I don't believe there's going to be any railroad," meditated Trip, after a pause, choosing what seemed the quickest and surest way of saving the front door.

"Oh, yes! there is! I heard my father, — why, my father knows all about it. It's coming now."

¹ By Gail Hamilton (Mary Abigail Dodge), an American writer.

“And, Trip, if I were you,” said Olive, in a low, impressive voice, “I wouldn’t stay at school to-day. I would go straight home and put my boxes and things together so’s to save them. I expect they’ll tear the house down right away. I shouldn’t wonder if they had it all torn down by the time you get home.”

Now was Trip’s heart in a flutter all day, though she resolutely refused to go home. She even persisted in her professed doubt as to whether there was going to be any railroad at all ; but in the depths of her quaking heart she saw already the dear old house torn quite away, and herself and all the family forced to rove homeless over the world. So it is no wonder she was a little absent-minded that day, and missed two words in spelling, for which she cried vigorously all noontime, with a little underwail for the lost house.

But as she came down the lane at night, behold ! there was the house as whole as ever, — that was one comfort. No wandering about in the darkness to-night, at least. And there, too, was Jack turning somersaults under the apple tree, and Lillo frisking about frantically, as if no ruin impended. So Trip plucked up heart a little, and asked Jack what it was all about, and “*Is the railroad going to tear our house all down, Jack Straws?*”

Jack Straws, thus appealed to, left off standing on his head, and tried his feet by way of variety. Then, thrusting both fists under her chin, one after the other, as an appropriate way of saying it, he answered, "No, Trip-up. I wish 'twas."

"Well, there," sighed Trip, greatly relieved; "I knew 'twasn't. But Olive and all the girls said the railroad was coming, and I must pack up my clothes."

"But 'tis coming, so pack away."

"Why, what? — when? — where are we going?"

"Well, how should you like the barn, say? The hay is soft, and we should be handy to milk; and then there are the horned oxen to do the dairy work."

But seeing Trip's dismayed face, he repented himself. "No, Trip, the line *was* laid out, and it ran right through our front door. That's a fact, now. I saw the stake driven down right before the front door. But father told them that, besides moving the house, it would cut the farm in two halves, sir, and make trouble; and what do you think they've done, sir?"

"Stopped the railroad, I guess," said Trip, breathlessly.

"No, sir. Whisked it off one side, and are going slam-bang through the peach trees. We've saved the house, but we've lost the garden. All the currant

bushes are making farewell visits, and the hop toads are breaking up housekeeping."

"Jack," said Trip, solemnly, "do you care?"

"Care? Do I care? No! I was never so glad since I was born."

"So am I. I shouldn't like to live in the barn, but I should like to have the railroad run through the garden."

But the older people were not at all glad. The dear old trees had to come down, and their dear old roots to come up. All the robins' nests were rifled, and the robins did not know what to make of it. Kitty Clover came out to refresh herself with a roll in the catnip, and there was no catnip there. Prince Hum came down to dip his dainty beak into the humming-bird balm, and saw only a gang of rough men digging away with all their might and main. As for Trip, she sat on a stone, and watched and wondered.

When they told her the road must be leveled, she thought a man would come with a great scythe, and slice off the hills like a loaf of brown bread, and lay the slices in the hollows, — which was not strange, seeing it was only a little while since she had learned that, when people bought land, they did not take it up and carry it home. But after a while the railroad was completed. The hill had been dug out, the ties

placed, the rails fastened, the road fenced, and the first train was to run through.

Jack put on his Sunday jacket, and went with his father to the old brown house that served for a station. Gerty had asked to go with them, but it was not thought best. "Cars are no place for girls," had lordly Jack declaimed, sleeking down his elf locks before his looking-glass.

"I should like to know, didn't Aunt Jenny say 'twas just as nice as a parlor, and didn't Aunt Jenny go in the cars?" asked Gerty.

"Now I'm ready," said Jack, rather abruptly, but very wisely changing the subject.

"And I think there won't be many will look nicer," said little Trip, admiringly, drawing her tiny fingers over his velvet jacket.

"Now you mind," said Jack; "you go and sit on the rock out there, and see me when I go by."

"Yes," said Gerty, forgetting her disappointment, "we will."

"And don't you go straying away, because they'll come so fast, if you're not there, you can't get back before they'll be all gone, and then you won't see me. I shall whiz by just like a flash."

"Oh," said Trip, "I shall look just as tight!"

And so she did; for though from their rock by the



well they could see miles of railroad in each direction, she scarcely dared turn her head for fear that the wonderful train would flash by, and she not see it. But after a half hour's waiting, a black speck appeared at the end of the long line; it grew bigger and bigger; all the family came out to see it; volumes of smoke rose and rolled backwards from it;

there was a rattle and a roar and a din. Gerty and Trip shrank back, but it had already passed them; and there, on the platform of the last car, stood Jack, holding on by the door, and bowing and smiling.

Oh, what a grand and glorious thing it was to be a boy, and ride in that wonderful train! and what a tame and humiliating thing it was to be a girl, and just sit on a rock and see him go by!

So the railroad was finished, and the grown-up people found it was not so bad after all; for the cars passed through a "cut" so deep that the engine smokestack hardly reached the top, and you only knew they were there by the sound.

"And if the well does not cave in," said Trip's father, "we shall be as good as new."

The well never did cave in, though it stood on the very edge of the cut. The garden went over to the other side of the house, and did not mind it at all. The currants and the raspberries and the blackberries held their own, and some fine new peach trees more than made good the loss of the old.

There was also a continual running to see the swiftly passing trains. A dozen times a day the sweet farm silence was broken in upon by its roar and rush, and so many times wildly sped all the little feet

over the velvet turf to the well, to gaze at the ever charming sight.

Lillo caught the fever, and carried it to extremes. "Cars!" rung through the house at the approach of every train, and at the cry out leaped Lillo, past the well and down the bank, barking furiously, and tearing along beside the train till it emerged from the cut. Then he would return, wagging his tail, and looking up into the children's faces as proud and happy as if he had done some great thing.

What he evidently meant was, "You make great talk about your swift cars, but you see *I* am not afraid of them. *I* can keep up with them, yes, and chase them away." Indeed, he was so on the alert that Jack had only to say, "*Cars*, Lillo!" and away Lillo would rush pell mell to the opening by the well, and execute several fine barks and great leaps before he discovered that he had been imposed upon.

And so many curious and wonderful things happened at the farmhouse on account of that railroad, that I have not now the time to tell about them.

EXPRESSION: Read the story silently and observe the different conversations. Now choose parts and read each conversation, being careful to speak distinctly and in natural tones. Reread the whole story in such way as to give pleasure to those who listen to you.

THE DESERT WANDERERS

Two Arab boys met in a narrow street of an Arabian town. "What is thy name and whither dost thou wander?" asked one boy of the other.

"My name is Hassan. I return with water to my father's tent beyond the walls of the town. Thy name and where goest thou?"

"I am Ahmed, the son of Hamed, and I am on my way to yonder school, where I learn the words of the sacred book of my people." And Ahmed shows Hassan a well-worn volume of the Koran in a velvet bag which hangs upon his arm.

Hassan looked with contempt on the flat-roofed houses of dried brick and the mud walls which surrounded the village. "I am the child of the desert, and I belong to the Free People," he declares with pride. "There are no walls about our dwellings, and no man can say to us 'Go,' or 'Stay.' We set up our tents where we will, for the whole wide desert is our home. But the sun mounts and I must go."

The desert boy swung his leathern bottle of water over his shoulder and strode away with long, springing steps.

Ahmed is the son of a wealthy trader. His father owns one of the deepest wells in the village, and

every day men, women, and children come to him to buy water.

The town in which Ahmed lives is built in a fertile spot called a wady or an oasis. It lies in a broad, deep valley where there are many wells. Without the village there are little square fields fenced in with walls of stone or earth. Here wheat and barley grow. Fruit trees, vineyards, and groves of date palms make this valley a green and beautiful place in the dry and sandy desert.

Beyond the town a barren plain of sand stretches for miles and miles on every side. East and west and north and south nothing can be seen but sand and rocky hills. There are no houses, no roads, and no trees. All day long the hot sun shines down on the glittering sand and the barren rocks. No clouds shade the traveler from the burning heat, and the winds bring no coolness.

There are hundreds of Arabs who live in the great desert, wandering from one place to another to find water and pasture for their flocks and herds. When the heat dries up the springs where they have set their tents, they move away to another oasis that lies like a green island in the desert.

The father of Hassan is one of the desert wanderers. He has pitched his tent near the village wells for a

night, and has sent his son to buy fresh water from the famous well owned by Ahmed's father.

He loves the desert, and he has taught his son to love it too. They would not exchange their wild lives for any home in the towns or cities of Arabia.

Hassan is a fine-looking Arab lad, straight and tall. His face is dark and his eyes are black. He wears a gown of white cotton tied about his waist with a girdle. A fringed handkerchief covers his head and neck, and sandals are strapped upon his bare feet.

He hurries to his father's tent and finds him preparing to take a long day's journey across the desert, with his herds of cattle and goats. The servants are packing the household goods, and all is bustle and confusion.

Already Hassan's mother and little sister have mounted a kneeling camel. They drink eagerly from the leathern bottle, for they have waited long for pure water from the village well.

The camels are brought up one after another. They kneel and are loaded with tents, cushions, bags of rice and dates, and tanks of water.

Hassan mounts his own tall yellow camel. But what a strange-looking saddle is strapped to the animal's back ! A wooden box hangs on each side of his great humps. On the top of the boxes and between

the camel's humps are spread cushions and shawls, and Hassan can ride as comfortably as though he were sitting in an easy-chair. Over his head is stretched a green awning to protect him from the terrible heat of the sun.

The camels move slowly away with noiseless tread and swinging movement. Hassan's mother pulls together the green curtains of her awning and reclines half asleep upon the cushions.

But Hassan sits upright, watching everything with eager eye. At the head of the long procession of camels and herds he can see his father riding a beautiful gray horse. Yes, that tall Arab, with keen, bright eyes and long beard, with a crimson robe and a fringed turban, is Hassan's father. And the lad thinks that he is the finest-looking man of all the desert.

The barefooted herdsmen shout to the sheep and goats as they drive them on over the sand. Hassan is proud of his father's fine herds, and he hopes the pastures they seek will be fresh and green, and the springs full of water.

The caravan moves on, leaving the white buildings of the town far behind. All around is the loose yellow sand of the desert, but far in the distance Hassan can see the purple tops of low mountains.

For hours and hours they travel. The hot sun sinks

in the west. The hills are nearer, and the tall feathery tops of the date palm trees are seen. The camels quicken their steps. They scent the water. Faster and faster they trot, their broad flat feet just touching the top of the sand.

At last they reach the foot of the rocky hills. There before them lies a beautiful valley, and down the slope trickles a little stream. How the sight of the pure clear water gladdens them !

Green grass is growing along the banks, and Hassan rejoices to see clusters of ripe dates under the great leaves on the top of the palm trees.

And now the camels stop and kneel. The loads are removed, and the tent poles set deep into the ground. Heavy cloth and skins of animals are spread above the poles. Across the middle of the tent a white woolen carpet is hung, thus making two rooms. One is for the men and the other for the women and children. Beautiful mats cover the ground ; fine shawls are spread upon pillows, and the Arab home is complete.

The day grows cooler and the red sun sinks from view. Mats are spread in front of the tent. The Arab father, in flowing robes and bright turban, takes his place upon one of them. He sits in silence while his supper of dates, camel's milk, and bread is pre-

pared and set before him. Tents of striped cloth for the servants and their families are pitched along the banks of the tiny stream. The camels, the sheep, and the goats drink the water and crop the grass.

But where is the fine gray horse which the father rode across the desert? He is in his master's tent, and Hassan is feeding him with dates and camel's milk. The horse is petted like a favorite child. He has the same food as the children, and he is loved by every one in the household.

And now the stars peep out and the moon shines down upon the sleeping flocks and the tent in the midst of the great silent desert. Its light falls on the sparkling water, and the feathery palm trees of the oasis that will for many days be the dwelling place of Hassan, the Arabian boy.

EXPRESSION: Read the lesson again very carefully and then name (1) the persons to whom it refers; (2) the place or places in which the action takes place; (3) the various objects that are described.

Read with expression the passages which describe (1) the town; (2) the desert; (3) Hassan; (4) Hassan's father; (5) the camels; (6) the father's horse; (7) the encampment.

WORD STUDY: *A rā'bi an*, *A ra'bi a*, *Ār'āb*; *Hās'san*; *Ah'med*; *Ham'ed*; *fer'tile*; *wā'dy*; *o ā'sīs*; *vīne'yards*; *cār'a vān*; *tūr'ban*.

Kō'ran, the holy book of the Arabs.

A CHILD'S VISIT TO THE MOON¹

One evening in summer a child stood watching the stars in the sky above him. The moon had just risen in the east, sending its soft light upon the earth.

"Oh, if I could only visit the stars!" he sighed.

Soon he began to feel weary. He sat down and leaned his head against a grassy bank. Then his eyes closed, and he fell asleep.

It seemed to him that he had been asleep about three seconds when he heard a clear sweet voice calling his name.

He sprang to his feet and looked around. A little girl dressed in white was standing near him.

Her eyes were blue, her hair was golden like the sunset, and on her shoulders there was a pair of silver wings.

"Don't you wish to go with me?" asked the little girl.

"Where are you going? What is your name?" said the child.

"My name is Stella," was the answer, "and I am going to visit the stars."

"Oh, I should like that better than anything else," said the child. "But how can I go?"

¹ Adapted from "Sun, Moon, and Stars," by Agnes Giberne.

"I think your wings are strong enough to carry you," said Stella.

"Wings!" cried the child; and peeping over his shoulder he saw them there, sure enough, all ready for use. He felt very strange, but he said, "Oh, yes, let us go."

"We will visit the moon first," said Stella.

"Yes, because it is the nearest," said the child.

"How soon shall we start?"

"Now. We need not wait a moment."

"But shall we not take some food with us?"

"Oh, no," answered Stella. "Those who have wings are never hungry."

"Well, I am ready," said the child.



One! two! three! They spread their wings and rose side by side through the darkness.

Below them everything seemed to sink and fade away. Above them, all seemed to broaden and grow bright.

"See!" said Stella. "We have left the earth behind us. We are flying through space now."

"How far does space reach?" asked the child.

"I do not know. If there is anything beyond space, we only know that God is there."

This seemed to the child a wonderful and beautiful thought.

"Oh, what is that?" he cried, as a small dark body rushed past them towards the earth. Soon it flamed up for a moment like fire, and then was seen no more.

"Only a shooting star," answered Stella. "Have you never watched for shooting stars at night?"

"Yes, yes," whispered the child, "but I did not know what they were like. I hope one will not strike us. Will not that shooting star fall on the earth and kill somebody?"

"No, it will burn up before it reaches the earth. Now, shut your eyes and take my hand. Do not look until I give you leave."

The child obeyed, and on they flew. Once he said,

"We are going ever and ever so fast, but I cannot feel the wind."

"There cannot be wind where there is no air," said Stella. "Wind is moving air."

"Then is there nothing here?" asked the child.

"Nothing that we can see or feel."

Suddenly the child felt himself standing upon his feet.

"Open your eyes," said Stella, softly.

"Why, here we are back on the earth again!" cried the child.

"Do you think so? Look around!"

"It's only earth."

It was a strange earth. Here and there were great mountains casting black shadows upon the plain. The sunshine was so bright and hot that the child could not face it. No grass nor trees nor other plants could be seen anywhere.

"Look up," said Stella.

The child obeyed.

The sky was black, not blue. And the sun! Was it the very same sun? A fringe of many-colored lights streamed from it on all sides; and it was far brighter than the child had ever seen it from his earth home.

Then he saw another splendid sight. A shining

body like the moon was floating aloft, but it was many times larger than the moon, and covered with curious marks.

"That is the earth," said Stella.

"I never knew we had such a shining world to live in," said the child. He could hardly believe it was true.

"How do you like this heat?" asked Stella.

"I wonder that I can stand it," was the answer. "I never felt such heat."

"You came with wings," said Stella. "If you had come in any other way, you could not endure it a second."

Just then a round, hard body came rushing down from above, and struck the ground near where they stood. The ground shook, yet there was no sound.

"Oh!" cried the child, "I did not hear it."

"There are no noises in the moon," said Stella, "for there is no air. Without our wings, we could not hear each other speak. That was only a shooting star."

"A shooting star! But this one did not burn."

"No, there is no air to make it burn. If you will only watch you may see many more."

"I wonder where they come from," said the child.

"Millions and millions of them are always rushing round the sun and moon," answered Stella.

Far away, the child saw a great rocky wall, like a ridge of mountains.

"I wonder if we could find some water over there," he said.

"We will go there," answered Stella; "but I may as well tell you that there is no water on the moon."

"No water at all?"

"None at all, at least on this side. Nobody knows anything about the farther side. Even our wings cannot carry us there. Come, shall we mount the rocks? Spring upward as high as you can."

The child obeyed; but instead of jumping three or four feet, he easily jumped forty.

"Why, how is this!" he cried. "I never felt so light. I never jumped so far in my life."

"Well, you have not been used to jumping in the moon," said Stella. "Weight here is much less than on the earth."

"Why so?"

"Because the moon is so much smaller than the earth. It does not draw you towards it with so much force."

A few more leaps, and some swift climbing and running, brought them to the rocky wall. They could see no grass, no water — only black shadows and a black sky, and the fierce bright sunshine.

"I could not bear to live here," said the child.

"I have not shown you the worst yet," said Stella. "You have yet to learn about the moon's night. Sit down, and let us wait. The sun will set in less than a week, and then night will come."

"A week!" cried the child.

"Less than a week. The moon's day lasts a fortnight of our time; but her day is more than half over now, and we will wait and see the sun set."

So they waited, and watched the sun as it crept slowly down toward the mountain tops and then sank out of sight. Night was upon them. But it was not a very dark night, for the shining earth was brighter than a dozen full moons.

The cold was fearful. The child drew close to his little friend and shivered.

"Have you seen enough, dear?" asked Stella.

"Oh, yes! Let us go home."

"Then take my hand and spread your wings. Shut your eyes, and have no fear."

Swiftly they flew from the dreary land of the moon, and before the child thought it possible, he was back in the garden by his mother's house.

"Good-by," said Stella, and she faded from his sight.

The child looked up. His mother had come to call him.



THE WIND AND THE MOON¹

(To be Memorized)

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out ;
 You stare
 In the air
 Like a ghost in a chair,
 Always looking what I am about —
 I hate to be watched ; I'll blow you out."

¹ By George Macdonald, a Scottish author (1824-1905).

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.

So deep

On a heap

Of clouds to sleep,

Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,

Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!

On high

In the sky,

With her one ghost eye,

The moon shone white and alive and plain.

Said the Wind, "I'll blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.

"With my sledge

And my wedge,

I have knocked off her edge!

If only I blow right fierce and grim,

The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.

"One puff

More's enough

To blow her to snuff!

One good puff more where the last was bred,

And glimmer, glimmer glum will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.

In the air

Nowhere

Was a moonbeam bare;

Far off and harmless the shy stars shone —

Sure and certain the Moon was gone.

The Wind he took to his revels once more ;

On down,

In town,

Like a merry-mad clown,

He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar —

“What’s that?” The glimmering thread once more !

He flew in a rage — he danced and blew ;

But in vain

Was the pain

Of his bursting brain ;

For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,

The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew — till she filled the night,

And shone

On her throne

In the sky alone,

A matchless, wonderful silvery light,

Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind : " What a marvel of power am I !

With my breath,

Good faith !

I blew her to death —

First blew her away right out of the sky,

Then blew her in. What strength have I ! "

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair ;

For high

In the sky,

With her one white eye,

Motionless, miles above the air,

She had never heard the great Wind blare.

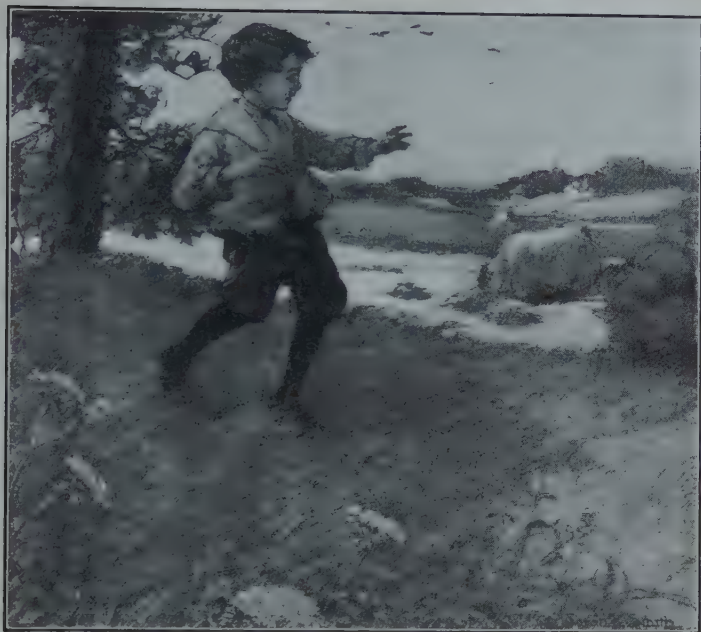
EXPRESSION : Who are the speakers in this story ?
What is such a story sometimes called ?

What boast did the Wind make at the beginning ? Read it just as he is supposed to have spoken it. Read his boast at the end, putting life and meaning into the words.

What effect did his boasting have upon the Moon ? What effect do boasters usually have ? What is your opinion of them ? Repeat the lines which tell of the changes in the appearance of the moon. Read the stanza which describes the full moon.

Now memorize the whole poem and learn to speak it with feeling and force.

WORD STUDY : Spell and pronounce : *ghost*, *rěv'els*, *rā'di-ant*, *af fair'*.



A HAPPY BOY AND HIS PLAYMATES¹

Bevis had wandered far into the woods, looking at this thing and talking to that, and utterly forgetful of time and distance. When, at length, he began to think of returning to the place where he had left his father loading hay, he found that he did not know which way to go.

Just as he was thinking he would ask a bee to show him the way (for there was not a single bird in the

¹ By Richard Jefferies, an English writer (1848-1887).

woods), he came to a place where the oaks were thinner, and the space between them was covered with bramble bushes. Here there were ripe blackberries, and soon his lips were stained with their juice. Passing on from bramble thicket to bramble thicket, by and by he shouted and danced and clapped his hands with joy, for there were some nuts on a hazel bough, and they were ripe, he was sure, for the side toward the sun was rosy.

Out came his pocket knife, and with seven tremendous slashes, off came a branch with a crook. He crooked down a bough and gathered the nuts ; there were eight on that bough, and on the next, four, and on the next only two. But there was another bough beyond, from which, in a minute, he had twenty more. He could not stay to crack them, but crammed them in his pocket and ceased to count.

"I will take fifty up to the squirrel," he said. So he tugged at the boughs and dragged them down, and went on from tree to tree till he had gone very far into the nut-tree wood.

At last the thought came to him again that he would like to get out. So he stroked a knotted oak with his hand, smoothing it down, and said, "Oak, oak, tell me which way to go."

The oak tried to speak ; but there was no wind, and

he could not. He dropped just one leaf on the right side, and Bevis picked it up, and as he did so, a nut-tree bough brushed his cheek.

The bough could not speak, but it bent down towards a little brook. Bevis dropped on one knee and lifted up a little water in the hollow of his hand. He drank it, and asked which way to go.

The stream could not speak, because there was no stone to splash against; but it sparkled in the sunshine and looked so pleasant that Bevis followed it a little way. Soon he came to an open place with twisted old oaks, gnarled and knotted, where a blue butterfly was playing.

"Show me the way out, you beautiful creature," said Bevis.

"So I will, Bevis," said the butterfly. "I have just come from the field where your father is at work. He has been calling you, and I think he will soon be coming to look for you. Follow me, my darling."

So Bevis followed the little blue butterfly. Without pausing anywhere, but just zigzagging on, the butterfly floated before Bevis; and Bevis danced after him, the nuts falling from his crammed pockets. Presently he whistled to the butterfly to stop a moment while he picked a blackberry; the butterfly settled on a leaf.

Then away they went again together till they left the wood behind and began to go up the hill. There the butterfly grew restless, and Bevis could scarcely keep with him. The child raced as fast as he could go uphill, but at the top the butterfly thought he saw a friend of his, and away he flew.

Bevis looked around. Everything was strange and new to him. There were hills and fields on every side, but not the field where he had left his father. There was nothing but the blue sky and the great sun, which did not seem far off.

While he wondered which way to go, the Wind came along the ridge, and taking him softly by the ear, said, "Bevis, my love, I have been waiting for you ever so long. Why did you not come before?"

"Because you never asked me," said Bevis.

"Oh, yes, I did. I asked you twenty times in the woods. I whispered to you from the nut trees."

"Well, now I am come," said Bevis. "But where do you live?"

"This is where I live, dear. I live upon the hill. Sometimes I go to the sea, and sometimes to the woods and sometimes I run through the valley; but I always come back here. And now I want you to romp with me."

"I will come," said Bevis. "I like a romp; but are you very rough?"

"Oh, no, dear; not with you."

"I am a great big boy," said Bevis. "I shall soon get too big to romp with you. How old are you, you jolly wind?"

The Wind laughed and said: "I am older than all the very old things. I am as old as the brook."

"The brook is very old," said Bevis. "He told me he was older than the hills; so I do not think you are as old as he is."

"Yes, I am," said the Wind. "He was always my playfellow. We were children together."

"If you are so very, very old," said the child, it is no use for you to romp with me, for I am strong. I can carry my papa's gun on my shoulder, and I can run very fast."

"I can run quick," said the Wind.

"But not so quick as I," said Bevis. "Now see if you can catch me."

Away he ran, and for a moment he left the Wind behind. But the Wind blew a little faster, and overtook him; and they raced along together like two wild things, till Bevis began to pant. Then down he sat on the turf and kicked up his heels and shouted; and the Wind fanned his cheek and cooled him, and

stroked his hair. Then Bevis jumped up again and danced along, and the Wind helped him gently forward.

"You are a jolly old Wind," said Bevis, "and I like you very much. But you must tell me a story, or we shall part. I'm sure we shall."

"I will try," said the Wind; "but I have forgotten all my stories; because the people never come to listen to me now."

"Why don't they come?"

"They are too busy. They have so much to do that they have quite forsaken me."

"Well, I will come to you," said Bevis. "I will come and play with you."

"Yes, do," said the Wind, "and drink me, dear, as much as ever you can. I shall make you strong. Now drink me."

Bevis stood still and drew in a long, long breath. He drank the Wind till his chest was full and his heart beat quicker. Then he jumped and danced and shouted.

Then he lay down on the grass, and heard the Wind whispering in the tufts and bunches; and the earth under him answered, and asked the Wind to stay and talk.

But the Wind said, "I have got Bevis to-day.

Come on, Bevis"; and Bevis stood up and walked along.

"Now tell me, this instant," he said, "why the sun is up there in the sky. Is he very hot if you touch him? Which way does he go when he sinks behind the wood? Who lives up there, and who painted the sky?"

The Wind laughed aloud, and said: "Bevis, my darling, you have not drunk half enough of me yet, else you would never ask such silly questions. Why, those are like the silly questions the people ask who live in the cities, and never feel me, or taste me, or speak to me. I have seen them looking through long tubes —"

"I know," said Bevis; "they are telescopes. You look at the sun and the stars, and know all about them."

"Pooh!" said the Wind. "Don't you believe such stuff, my pet. How can they know anything about the sun, who never come up on the hills or go into the wood? How can they know anything about the stars, who never stopped on the hills all night? How can they who are always shut up in houses know anything of such things?"

"But Bevis, my love, if you want to know all about the sun and the stars and everything, come to me

and I will tell you. In the morning, get up as quick as you can, and drink me as I come down the hill. In the day, go up on the hill, and drink me again, and stay there, if you can, till the stars shine out. And by and by you will understand all about the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the earth, which is so beautiful. The more you drink of me the more you will want, and the more I shall love you."

"Yes, I will drink you," said Bevis, "and I will shout. Hello!" And he ran up to the top of the little hill, and danced about on it, as wild as could be.

"Dance away, dear," said the Wind, much delighted. "Everybody dances who drinks me. Come, dear, let us race again."

So the two went on again and came to a hawthorn bush. Then Bevis, full of mischief, tried to slip away from the Wind by running round the bush; but the Wind laughed and caught him.

A little farther on, and they came to the old familiar field, and there Bevis saw his father busy at work loading hay into the wagon. The field was yellow with stubble; and the hills beyond it and the blue valley were just the same as he had left them.

Then the Wind caressed him, and said: "Good-by,

darling. I am going yonder, straight across to the blue valley and the blue sky, where they meet. But I shall be back again when you come next time. Now remember to drink me—come up here and drink me.”

“I will remember,” said Bevis. “Good-by, jolly old Wind.”

“Good-by, dearest,” whispered the Wind.

As Bevis went down the hill, a blue harebell, that had been singing farewell to summer all the morning, called to him and asked him to gather her and carry her home; for she would rather go with him than stay, now autumn was so near.

Bevis gathered the harebell, and ran with the flower in his hand down the hill; and as he ran, the wild thyme kissed his feet and said, “Come again, Bevis, come again.”

At the bottom of the hill the wagon was standing, all loaded now. So his father lifted him up, and he rode home on the sweet, fragrant hay.

EXPRESSION: Read this story silently, then read it aloud in such manner as to give pleasure to those who hear you.

Choose parts and read again the conversation between the Wind and Bevis.

Pronounce correctly: *Bē'vis*; *thyme* (*tīme*); *gnarled* (*nārld*).

WHEN THE LITTLE BOY RAN AWAY

When the little boy ran away from home,
The birds in the treetops knew,
And they all sang "Stay!"
But he wandered away
Under the skies of blue.
And the wind came whispering from the tree,
"Follow — follow me!"
And it sang him a song that was soft and sweet,
And scattered the roses before his feet
That day — that day
When the little boy ran away.

The violet whispered; "Your eyes are blue
And lovely and bright to see;
And so are mine, and I'm kin to you,
So dwell in the light with me!"
But the little boy laughed, while the wind in glee
Said, "Follow me — follow me!"
And the wind called the clouds from their home in
the skies.
And said to the violet, "Shut your eyes!"
That day — that day
When the little boy ran away.

Then the wind played leapfrog over the hills
 And twisted each leaf and limb ;
 And all the rivers and all the rills,
 Were foaming mad with him !
 And it was dark as darkest night could be,
 But still came the wind's voice, " Follow me !"
 And over the mountain and up from the hollow
 Came echoing voices with " Follow him, follow !"
 That awful day
 When the little boy ran away.

Then the little boy cried, " Let me go — let me go !"
 For a scared, scared boy was he !
 But the thunder growled from the black cloud, " No !"
 And the wind roared, " Follow me !"
 And an old gray Owl from a tree top flew
 Saying, " Who are you-oo ? Who are you-oo ?"
 And the little boy sobbed, " I'm lost away,
 And I want to go home where my parents stay !"
 Oh ! the awful day
 When the little boy ran away.

Then the Moon looked out from the cloud and said,
 " Are you sorry you ran away ?
 If I light you home to your trundle-bed,
 Will you stay, little boy, will you stay ?"

And the little boy promised — and cried and cried —
He would never leave his mother's side ;
And the Moonlight led him over the plain,
And his mother welcomed him home again,
But oh ! what a day
When the little boy ran away !

SPRINGTIME IN THE COUNTRY¹

Spring always seems to begin on the morning that Jem comes rushing into my room with a sprig of cherry blossoms in his hand. You see, the cherry tree grows just outside of Jem's window, and he watches it very carefully. And then as soon as the blossoms are out he picks a branch and flies round the house, showing it to everybody.

We begin to keep a little notebook and write down in it the cherry blossom day and all the other days of the really important things. There is the day the apple buds begin to burst, and there is the day when we first see the yellow butterflies flitting along near the ground. And then comes the day when we pick the first violets and find the first bird's nest. All of these important days we write in our notebook.

¹ By Arthur Ransome.

Jem and Jetty come to my door soon after breakfast. They knock very quietly. I pretend not to hear them. They knock again; still I do not answer. Then they thunder on the door. Do you know how to thunder on a door? You do it by doubling up your fists and hitting hard on the door with both hands. You can make a great noise in that way.

And then suddenly I jump up and roar out, "Who's there?" — as if I were a terrible giant. Jem and Jetty come tumbling in and stand in front of me, and bow and say, "Oh! Mr. Giant, we want you to come out for a walk."

And then away we go through the garden into the fields. Our three pairs of eyes are wide open so as not to miss anything.

First we watch the lark rise up into the sky. He is a little speckled brown bird. Jem says he ought not to be so proud just because he has a fine voice, for there are prettier birds than he. If you watch the way he swings into the air with little leaps of flying, higher, and higher, and higher, you cannot help thinking that perhaps he is indeed a little too vain.

He likes to climb higher up in the air than all the other birds. But he takes good care that you shall not forget him even if he is out of sight. He sings



"We watch the lark rise up into the sky."

and sings and sings. Jem and Jetty like to wait and watch him till he drops down again in long jumps.

"Now he is coming," says Jem, as he sees the lark poise for an instant.

"Now he is coming," cries Jetty, as the little feathered songster drops down a foot or two.

We always know where to look for the wild violets. They like cool, shady places for their homes. We find them nestling in the banks, under the hedge that runs along the side of the wood. Jetty carries a little trowel and a basket. She digs into the damp earth all around the roots of the violets, then pulls up the plants and carries them home to her garden.

Sometimes we pick wild flowers and send them to pale-faced children who live in the town. They think it must be very dull in the country. But they do not know how lovely the country is in the springtime.

The woods are full of living things. There are the mice, the rabbits, and the birds. And soon all the trees will be green and the ground will be carpeted with bright flowers.

From the high windows of our house we can see over the fields to the woods, and we can see the trees change color very early in the spring. We watch the buds coming out on every branch.

On the way to the woods we pass through broad

green fields. In these fields we see many sheep nibbling at the grass. Very early in the spring a day comes when, by the side of one old gray sheep, there is something small and white. Then we all three go across the field as quietly as we can to see the little new lamb. But before we are very close to them the gray mother moves away, and the little white lamb jumps up and scampers after her.

Before the spring is half gone other little lambs are skipping about and chasing each other over the green fields. Jem and Jetty are always wondering what the soft wooly creatures are thinking about in those queer little heads with their big ears and great round eyes.

When we come back from our long walk, we talk about the things we have seen to-day. And then we count up all the signs of spring.

"Children," I say, "how do you know that spring has come?"

"I know it," Jem quickly answers, "because we have had the cherry blossoms, and the apple blooms, and the violets, and the pussy willows!"

"Then there are the robins, and the butterflies, and the lambs," cries Jetty.

"Yes," I answer the happy children, "we know by all these lovely signs that spring has really come."

MADAME ARACHNE¹

Madame Arachne sat in the sun at her door. From a spider's point of view she would have been considered a plump and pleasing person, but from a human standpoint she had, perhaps, more legs than are necessary to our ideal of beauty; and as for eyes, she was simply extravagant, having so many pairs that she could see all round the horizon at once.

She had built her house across the pane of a window in a lighthouse, and she sat at her door, in all the pride of patiently waiting for flies. The wind from the south breathed upon her pretty web, and rocked her to and fro. The sea made a great roaring on the rocks below; the sun shone; it was a lovely day.

Suddenly, a curious small cry or call startled Madame Arachne. It sounded as if some one said, "Yank, yank, yank!"

"Oh, dear me!" cried she; "what can that be?"

Then was heard a sharp tapping, which shook her with terror much more forcibly than the breeze had shaken her.

She started as if to run, when "Yank, yank, yank!" sounded again, this time close above her. She was not obliged to turn her head. Having so many eyes, she

¹ By Celia Thaxter, an American writer (1836-1894).

saw, reaching over the top of the window, a sharp black beak and two round black eyes belonging to Mr. Nuthatch. He also was seeking his supper, and he purposed to himself to take poor Madame Arachne as a tidbit.

There was barely time for her to save her life. She threw herself from her door by a rope which she always carried with her. Down, down, down, she went, till at last she reached the rock below. But Nuthatch saw, and swept down after her.

Her many legs now served a good purpose. She scampered like mad over the rough surface, and crept under some shingles near the foot of the lighthouse — and was safe. Nuthatch couldn't squeeze in after her. He probed every crack with his sharp beak, but did not reach her; then he flew away to seek some easier prey.

After a while, poor Madame Arachne crept out again and climbed to her window, looking all about with her numerous eyes while she swung. When she reached the pane where her pretty house had been built, she saw that no vestige of it was left. "Ugh! — the ugly old monster!" she whispered to herself.

Mr. Nuthatch had fluttered about in every corner of the window, and with wings and feet had torn the slight web all to pieces. Patiently Madame Arachne toiled to make a new one; and by the time the sun had set

it was all finished, and swinging in the breeze, as its predecessor had done.

And now a kind fate sent the hungry web-spinner her supper. A big, blustering bluebottle fly came blundering against the windowpane. Presto! Like a flash, Madame had pounced on him, and with terrible dexterity had grabbed him and bound him hand and foot. Then she proceeded to eat him at her leisure. Fate was kind to the spider; but alas, for the too trustful fly! Presently, she sought the center of her web and put herself in position for the night. . . .

II

Very early in the morning, Madame Arachne began to bestir herself. High in a corner chamber of her house she wove a silken cocoon, white and satin-smooth, a shining cradle, snug and warm; and in it she laid several hundred tiny round eggs of dusky pink, and left them there to hatch when they should be ready. Then she went down to her seat in the middle of her web, and watched and hoped for flies.

She saw white sails on the sea, she saw white gulls in the air, she saw white foam on the rocks, as she sat in the sun. Days came, nights passed, winds blew, rains fell, mists crept in and out, and still she watched for flies, with more or less success. At last a baby spider

crawled out to the air, and then another and another, till nearly all the eggs were hatched.

“Good morning, my dears,” said Madame Arachne; “I hope I see you well!”

They were very small. They stretched their tiny legs, cramped from long confinement; they crept hither and thither, and wondered at the big world — of one windowpane!

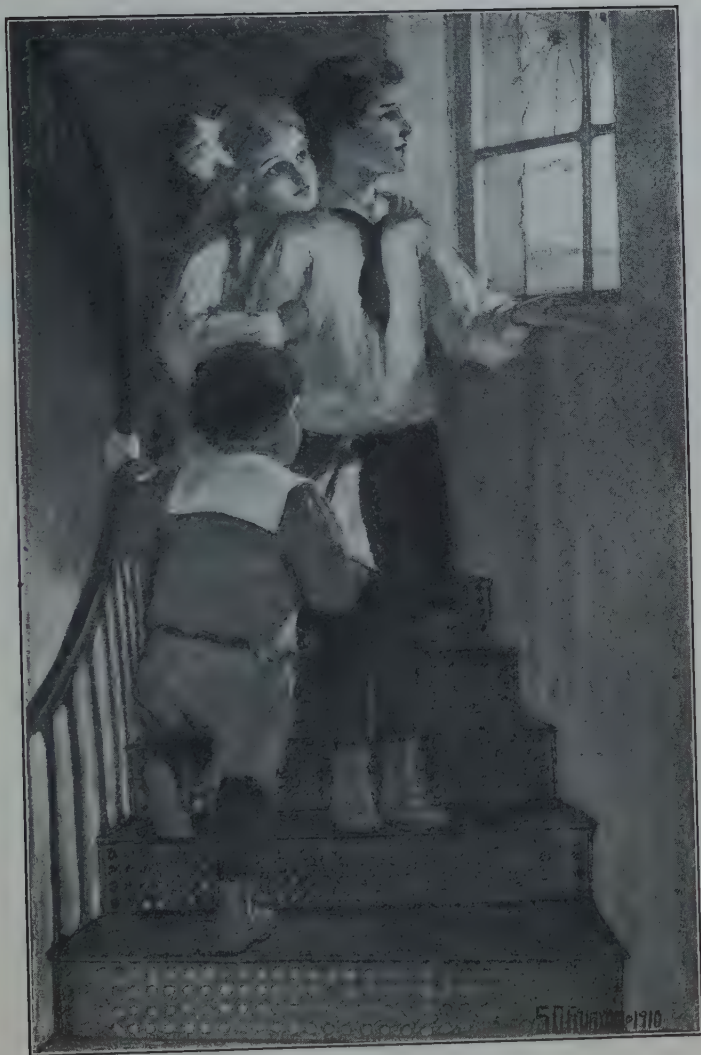
III

Every day, from the inside of the lighthouse, three pairs of childish eyes watched this interesting spider family. As the tiny ones grew larger, they began to build for themselves little webs in each corner of every pane; and each small spider put itself in the middle of its web, head downward, like the mother.

“Did you ever see anything so comical?” said one child to another. “They all behave just like their mother. How quickly they learn to live after they creep out the tiny eggs, which are so small that we can hardly see them! I wonder if all insects know so much.”

“Insects!” said the older child. “A spider isn’t an insect at all. Don’t you remember how papa told us once that all spiders belong to the scorpion family?”

“Oh, a scorpion must be a horrid thing — I mean a *real* scorpion,” cried the younger. “I’m glad they



The Lighthouse Window.

don't live in this country. I like the spiders ; they spin such pretty webs, and it's such fun to watch them. They won't hurt you if you don't trouble them ; will they, sister ?”

“Of course they won't,” said the little girl's reassuring voice.

Madame Arachne heard them. “They are good enough creatures,” she said to herself. “They can't spin webs, to be sure, poor things ! But then, these three, at least, don't destroy them as that hateful nuthatch did. They seem quite harmless and friendly, and I have no objection to them.”

So the little spiders grew and grew, and spun many a filmy web about the old white lighthouse for many happy days. Then, in the autumn, a flock of merry birds came. They filled the air with sweet calls and pretty twitterings. Alas, for every creeping thing ! Snip, snap ! went all the sharp and shining beaks, — and where were the spiders then ? It was one grand massacre, — and yet, again, Madame Arachne saved herself under the friendly shingles. Some days afterward, the children saw her crawling about her desolate estate in the lighthouse window.

Soon, however, Jack Frost, Esq., came capering over the dancing brine, and nipping every green thing on the little island. He gave our poor friend so many pinches

that she could only creep into the snuggest corner and roll herself up to wait till the blustering fellow should take his departure.

"She's quite gone," said one of the children, as they looked for her one crackling cold day.

"Never mind," said the eldest. "Spring will wake her up and call her out again."

And so it did.

EXPRESSION: What is the subject of this story? In what place is it located?

Is Madame Arachne a good name for the mother spider? Why? If you have access to a good library, read the story of "The Wonderful Weaver" in the little book entitled "Old Greek Stories," by James Baldwin.

What is a nuthatch? Can you imitate its cry?

Repeat with the proper tones and expression:

(1) "*Ugh! — the ugly old monster!*"

(2) "*Presto! Like a flash, Madame had pounced upon him.*"

(3) "*Good morning, my dears! I hope I see you well.*"

Repeat the following expressions, using gestures to show their meaning: *to and fro*; *down, down, down*; *in and out*; *hither and thither*.

WORD STUDY: Pronounce correctly: *Arachne* (*a rāk'nē*); *nec'es sa ry*; *ex trav'a gant*; *ho rī'zon*; *star'tled*; *for'ci bly*; *probed*; *věs'tige*; *prěd'e ces sor*; *scor'pī on*; *mās'sa cre*.

Presto = quickly. *Esq.* = esquire.



THE BIRD'S NEST¹

Birds all the sunny day
Flutter and quarrel
Here in the arbor-like
Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork
The brown nest is seated;
Four little blue eggs
The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,
Staring like gabies,
Safe in each egg are the
Bird's little babies.

¹ By Robert Louis Stevenson.

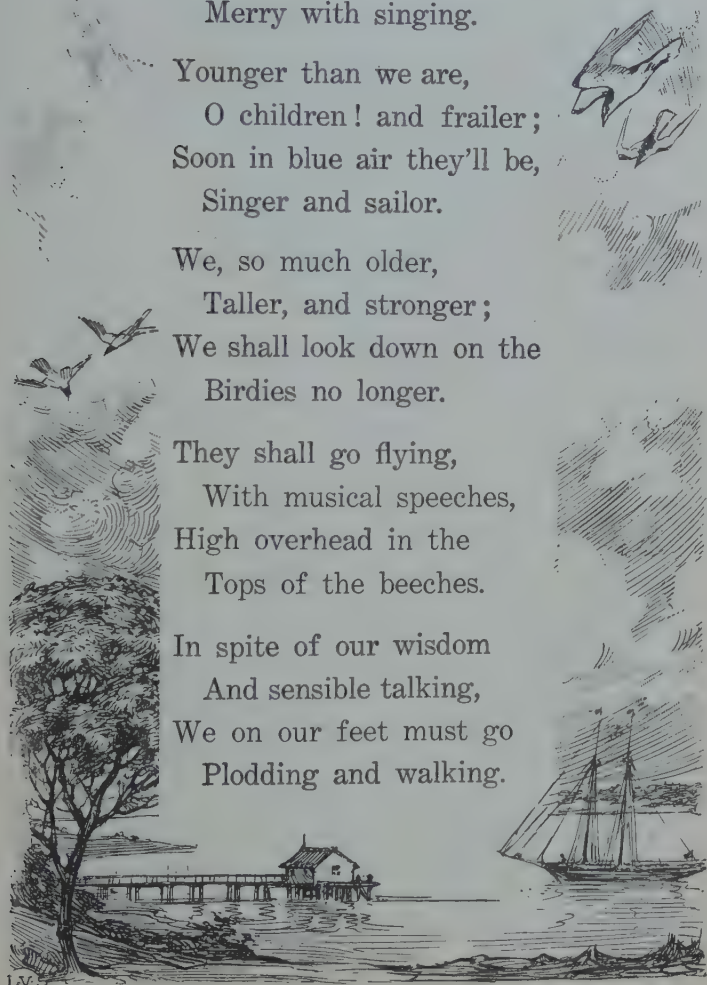
Soon the frail eggs they shall
 Chip, and, upspringing,
 Make all the April woods
 Merry with singing.

Younger than we are,
 O children! and frailer;
 Soon in blue air they'll be,
 Singer and sailor.

We, so much older,
 Taller, and stronger;
 We shall look down on the
 Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying,
 With musical speeches,
 High overhead in the
 Tops of the beeches.

In spite of our wisdom
 And sensible talking,
 We on our feet must go
 Plodding and walking.



THE SPORTSMAN

A LITTLE PLAY

Persons in the Play

GEORGE, *who is visiting at the farm.*

JAMES, *a farmer's boy, George's cousin.*

ELSIE, *James's little sister.*

SCENE. — *A Garden*

Enter GEORGE, with a shotgun in his hand

George. Not very good sport to-day. I've tramped all through the woods and over the hills and got nothing but one miserable quail. [*Takes the bird from his game bag and examines it.*] It's hardly enough to make a cup of soup; and I'm all tired out.

Enter JAMES

James. Hello, George! Back again? What luck?

George. Only this and nothing more — one puny quail. I wonder where all the birds have gone.

James. Let me see. You have now spent a week at this gunning business, and you've killed three quails, two rabbits, and a crow.

George. Four quails. You didn't count this one.

James. Well, four quails, then. Six days of tramping — torn clothes, wet feet, tired limbs — and all for what?

George. Why, for sport, of course !

James. Sport, indeed ! How much enjoyment have you had ?

George. Well, I might have had more if I had had better luck. But somebody has killed all the game, and there's hardly a bird to be found in the woods.

James. And you are trying to finish the job by killing every little creature that somebody has failed to find. If you had your own way, you would make the woods and fields as lonely and silent as the desert.

George. Oh, no ! I don't wish to do that. I only wish to have a day's sport now and then.

James. Sport, indeed ! Well, if you find so much sport in killing a few innocent creatures, why don't you go into the barnyard and shoot the chickens and ducks ? You would have better luck and fewer torn clothes.

George. Oh, don't talk nonsense ! You know that it's the excitement that makes sport. There would be no fun in shooting things that don't try to get away from you. And what else were the wild birds and wild animals made for if not to be shot ?

James. That seems to be the idea of many people. They would kill all the singing birds and all the timid animals in the woods, merely for the sake of killing — which they call *sport*.

George. Well, what harm is there in it! One must have amusement in some way.

James. Amusement! Your amusement has already destroyed or driven away all the game in the country. In a few years all the larks and robins will have perished through the desire of sportsmen to be amused by seeing something killed. And then what will become of our orchards and fields? The millions and millions of insects which these birds destroy will kill our fruit trees, eat up our growing grain, and make a desert of all this green and fertile country. That is where your sport will finally lead.

George. Nonsense!

Enter **ELSIE**

Elsie. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! It's gone! It's eaten up! Oh, dear! [*Weeping.*]

George. What's the matter, Elsie? What's eaten up?

Elsie. Oh, my bird! My dear little canary! The cat has it; she ran into the bushes with it, and I'll never see poor Dicky again.

George. The cat! Well, I'll shoot that cat!

James. Why will you shoot her?

George. Why? For killing Elsie's canary, of course.

James. For killing *one* little bird? Then what



ought to be done with you who have killed so many birds, every one as beautiful as the canary?

George. Oh ! that's different. I'm not a cat.

James. That's true. You kill birds for amusement; the cat kills them for food. Which is the

more cruel of the two? In other words, which is the brute?

George. Now don't get too personal, young fellow. I won't take an insult.

James. I'm only calling things by their right names. [*Picks up the dead quail which GEORGE has thrown down.*] Here, Elsie, see what our sportsman has spent a whole day to accomplish. What should be done with him?

Elsie. Oh, George! Did you kill this poor bird? He used to sit on the fence by the meadow and call "Bob White! Bob White!" I've heard him many a morning.

George. Oh, well! It's only a wild bird, Elsie. There are plenty of others.

Elsie. No, there are not; and you are trying to kill all of them. You are just as bad as the cat — yes, worse! [*Exit carrying the dead quail.*]

George. Well, I think this a great fuss over a worthless bird.

James. Fuss? And how about the cat? Your only excuse is amusement, and hers is hunger. And yet you wish to punish her — to kill her.

George. Indeed, she deserves it.

James. For doing just what you have done so many times?

George. Well, I guess — I guess —

James. What do you guess?

George. I guess you are about right. I think I'll put my gun away and never again shoot any little creature, bird or beast, merely for sport.

James. Good for you, cousin! Let's shake hands on that. And I know Elsie will be as glad as I am that you are no longer a sportsman.

THE CHILD AND THE PET DOVE¹

I had a dove, and the sweet dove died;

And I have thought it died of grieving.

Oh, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied

With a silken thread of my own hands' weaving; —

Sweet little red feet, why should you die?

Why should you leave me, sweet bird, why!

You lived alone in the forest tree,

Why, pretty thing, would you not live with me?

I kissed you oft, and gave you white peas;

Why not live sweetly as in the green trees?

¹ By John Keats, an English poet (1795–1821).

THE BLUE JAY¹

(To be Memorized)

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
 Shaking your throat with such burst of glec,
 How did you happen to be so blue?
 Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,
 And fasten blue violets in your vest?

Tell me, I pray you, — tell me true!

Did you dip your wings in azure dye,
 When April began to paint the sky,
 That was pale with the winter's stay?
 Or were you hatched from a bluebell bright,
 'Neath the warm, gold breast of a sunbeam light,
 By the river one blue spring day?

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
 A-tossing your saucy head at me,
 With ne'er a word for my questioning,
 Pray, cease for a moment your "ting-a-link,"
 And hear when I tell you what I think, —
 You bonniest bit of the spring.

I think when the fairies made the flowers,
 To grow in these mossy fields of ours,

¹ By Susan H. Swett.

Periwinkles and violets rare,
 There was left of the spring's own color, blue,
 Plenty to fashion a flower whose hue
 Would be richer than all and as fair.

So, putting their wits together, they
 Made one great blossom so bright and gay,
 The lily beside it seemed blurred ;
 And then they said, "We will toss it in air ;
 So many blue blossoms grow everywhere,
 Let this pretty one be a bird !"

A REVIEW : Of the four lessons relating to birds, which one do you like best ? Why ?

I. How does the first, "The Bird's Nest," differ from all the rest ? Read it again carefully, and try to understand the full meaning of each stanza. Talk with your teacher about the author, Robert Louis Stevenson.

WORDS : *laurel*, an evergreen shrub ; *gabies*, simpletons.

II. Who are the actors in "The Sportsman" ? Choose parts and act the play, reading each paragraph in natural tones as though you were talking.

III. How does the third lesson, "The Child and the Pet Dove," differ from the other three ? Try to imagine yourself to be the Child, and then read the poem as you think she would have spoken it. Talk with your teacher about the poet, John Keats.

IV. Memorize the poem, "The Blue Jay." Learn to speak it in clear, correct, and natural tones. Have you ever seen a blue jay ? Tell all that you know about the bird. Read the last two stanzas again, and tell what they mean.

WHO IS THE HAPPIEST MAN?¹

Many hundreds of years ago there lived in Asia a king whose name was Crœsus. The country over which he ruled was not very large, but its people were prosperous and famed for their wealth. Crœsus himself was said to be the richest man in the world ; and to this day it is customary to say of a very wealthy man that he is "as rich as Crœsus."

King Crœsus had everything that could make him happy — lands and houses and slaves, fine clothes to wear, and beautiful things to look at. He could not think of anything that he needed to make him more comfortable or contented. "I am the happiest man in the world," he said.

It happened one summer that a great man from across the sea was traveling in Asia. The name of this man was Solon, and he was the lawmaker of Athens, in Greece. He was noted for his great wisdom ; and centuries after his death the highest praise that could be given to any learned man was to say, "He is as wise as Solon."

Solon had heard of Crœsus and his wealth, and one day he paid him a visit in his beautiful palace. Crœsus was now happier and prouder than ever be-

¹ Retold from Herodotus, a Greek historian who lived more than two thousand years ago.

fore, for the wisest man in the world was his guest. He led Solon through his palace and showed him the



grand rooms, the fine carpets, the rich furniture, the pictures, the books. Then he invited him out to see his gardens and his orchards and his stables; and he showed him thousands of rare and beauti-

ful things that he had collected from all parts of the world.

In the evening as the wisest of men was dining with the richest of men, the king said to his guest, "Tell me, O Solon, who do you think is the happiest of all men?" He expected that Solon would answer, "King Crœsus."

The wise man was silent for a minute; then he said, "I have in mind a poor man who once lived in Athens. His name was Tellus, and I doubt if ever there was a happier man than he."

This was not the answer that Crœsus wished. He hid his disappointment, however, and asked: "Why do you think so? What did Tellus have to make him happy?"

"He was an honest man," answered Solon, "and he labored hard for many years to bring up his children and give them a good education. When they were grown up and able to care for themselves, he joined the Athenian army and gave his life bravely in the defense of his country. Can you think of any one who is more deserving of happiness?"

"Perhaps not," answered Crœsus, half choking with vexation; "but who do you think ought to rank next to Tellus in happiness?" He was sure that Solon would this time say, "Crœsus."

"I have in mind two young men whom I knew in

Greece," answered the wise man. "Their father died when they were only children, and they were very poor. But they worked hard to keep the house together and to support their mother. Year after year they toiled, never suffering anything to interfere with their mother's comfort. When, at length, she died, they gave all their love to Athens, their native city, and nobly served her as long as they lived."

Then Crœsus was angry. "Why is it that you place these poor working people above the richest of kings?" he asked. "Why do you make me of no account and think nothing of my wealth and power?"

"O king," said Solon, "no man can say whether you are happy or not until you die. For no one knows what misfortunes may befall you, or what misery may be yours in days to come."

II

Many years after this, when Crœsus was much older and richer, there arose in Asia a powerful king whose name was Cyrus. At the head of a great army he marched through one country after another, overthrowing many a rich and ancient kingdom. Crœsus with all his wealth could not withstand this mighty warrior. His city was taken, his palace was burned, his orchards and gardens were destroyed, his treas-

ures were carried away, and he himself was made prisoner.

"This stubborn fellow, Cræsus, has caused us much trouble by his resistance," said King Cyrus. "Take him and make an example of him for other little rulers who would dare to stand in our way."

The soldiers, thereupon, carried Cræsus to the market place, handling him pretty roughly all the while. There they built up a great pile of dry sticks and broken furniture from the ruins of his once beautiful palace; and on the top of it they tied the unhappy king.

"Now we shall have a merry blaze," said the savage fellows; and one of them ran for a torch.

Poor Cræsus lay bleeding and bruised upon the pyre, without a friend to soothe his misery. Then he thought of the words which wise Solon had spoken long before, "No man can say whether you are happy or not until you die." The memory of these words only added to his despair, and he moaned aloud, "O Solon! O Solon! Solon!"

It so happened that Cyrus was riding by at that very moment and heard his moans. "What does he say?" he asked the soldiers.

"He says nothing but 'Solon! Solon! Solon! O Solon!'" they answered.

Then the king came up nearer to the pyre, and said to Cræsus, "What do you mean by calling 'Solon! Solon! Solon!' in that way?"

Cræsus was silent at first; but after Cyrus had repeated his question kindly, he told all about Solon's visit at the palace and what he had said.

Cyrus listened, and was much moved by the story. He thought of the words, "No man knows what misfortunes may befall you, or what misery may be yours in days to come"; and he wondered if he, too, might not some time lose all his power and be helpless in the hands of his enemies.

"Is it not true," he asked himself, "that men ought to be merciful and kind to those who are in distress? I will do to Cræsus even as I would have others do to me."

So he caused poor Cræsus to be set free; and ever afterwards he treated him as an honored and trusted friend.

EXPRESSION: Choose parts and read the conversation between Cræsus and Solon. Read what Cræsus, moaning, said when on the pyre. Read what Cyrus said. What answer was given him? Now read the whole story, trying to give to each passage its correct meaning.

Cræ'sus (*krē'sus*), king of Lydia, in Asia.

Sō'lon, a lawmaker and ruler of Athens, in Greece.

Ath'ens, *Ath ē'ni an*, *Tel'lus*, *Çy'rus*.

A BEAUTIFUL BALLAD

I. PLAYING THE MINSTREL

A child and a poet were sitting side by side in the waning twilight of a summer evening.

"Tell me a story," said the child, slipping his hand softly into that of his companion. "Tell me an old-fashioned story of a knight and a lady; and please tell it to me in a rime — sing it to me."

"You mean, then, that I shall play the minstrel, I suppose," said the poet.

"What is a minstrel?" asked the child.

"Hundreds of years ago," answered the poet, "there were no printed books as there are now. Few people, even among the best, could read; and yet all the children and most of the grown-up folks liked stories just as they do now. Instead of books, therefore, there were men whose business it was to go from place to place to tell the news of the world, and amuse their listeners by relating strange tales of heroism and adventure. These men were called minstrels, or skalds, and their stories were commonly in rime and were sung instead of being merely spoken. People liked this; for music always pleases the ear, and songs are easily remembered."

"I like song stories, too," said the child, "and that

is why I asked you to tell me one in rime, and to sing it to me."

"Most of the story poems which the minstrels sang were called ballads," continued the poet. "These were simple little verses, so easy that everybody could understand them; and many of the listeners learned them by heart and sang them to others, so that, although they were not written down, they were never forgotten. But at length, when books became common and everybody could read, the minstrel's trade came to an end; for people no longer depended upon him to tell stories and carry the news. Then, lest those old ballads should be lost to memory, some of the best of them were put into books, where any one who wishes may learn them: They are not sung nowadays, but they make pleasant reading, and they are interesting as showing how people lived and thought in those ruder and simpler times when there were real knights and real castles."

"I know, I know," said the child, impatiently. "I have heard some of them, and they are delightful. Why don't you poets make up interesting poems now, like those old ballads? Most of your poetry is so dull I cannot read it."

"You are complimentary, my dear. But we do write ballads now and then. All the best poems for

children are in the ballad form. Do you remember 'The Fairies of the Caldou Low,' and 'The Children's Hour,' and the 'Wreck of the Hesperus'? Surely they are interesting."

"Yes, I have read them over and over, and I like them all," answered the child. "But to-night I want another kind of story. Please be my minstrel, and sing to me an old-fashioned ballad of knights and ladies and brave deeds."

"You shall have your wish," said the poet. "I will play that I am your minstrel; but the ballad I sing, although old-fashioned, is a new one, written by one whose poetry you say is dull."

Then, in a full, rich voice, he recited James Russell Lowell's beautiful ballad of "The Singing Leaves." The child listened with eagerness and joy, much as the children must have listened in those older days when there were real knights and real minstrels to sing to them.

"What were the singing leaves?" he asked when the story was ended.

"That is a riddle," answered the poet. "Perhaps Mr. Lowell meant that they should typify wisdom, perhaps a heart merry with music, perhaps merely the love letters of Walter the page. It does not matter, nor is it best to look into such questions too

closely. The ballad will be all the more beautiful if we do not try to remove the mystery from it."

"I like the story," said the child, "because it is about somebody choosing something, and the one who makes the wisest choice is given the greatest reward. It is just so with many of the fairy tales I have read."

"Yes," answered the poet, "and as you grow up and read many books, you will be surprised at the number of really great stories that are based upon this question of choosing."

Then he added, as though forgetful of the child's presence, "And does not the history of every man, and even the history of nations, hinge upon the same question? Some choose pearls and some choose golden combs, but those who choose beauty and truth inherit the 'broad earldoms three' of love, hope, and peace."

Now you may read the ballad for yourselves.

II. THE SINGING LEAVES

I

"What fairings will ye that I bring?"

Said the King to his daughters three;

"For I to Vanity Fair am boun,

Now say what shall they be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand :

“Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand.”

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red :

“For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head.”

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

“There came a bird this morning,
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
‘Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.’”

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flash of angry scorn :

“Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born ;

“But she, like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves ;”

Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, “Thou shalt have thy leaves.”

II

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
“Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf,
I pray you give it me!”

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

“Oh, where shall I find a little foot page
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing Leaves
If they grow under the moon?”

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran:

“Now pledge you me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

“That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle gate,
And the Princess shall get the Singing Leaves,
Or mine be a traitor’s fate.”

The King’s head dropt upon his breast
A moment, as it might be ;
“’Twill be my dog,” he thought, and said,
“My faith I plight to thee.”

Then Walter took from next his heart,
A packet small and thin,
“Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein.”

III

As the King rode in at his castle gate,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And “Welcome, father!” she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

“Lo, here the Singing Leaves,” quoth he,
“And woe, but they cost me dear!”
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.



"Welcome, father!" she laughed and cried.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage."

And the second Leaf sang: "But in the land
That is neither on earth nor sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third Leaf sang, "Be mine! Be mine!"
And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside, -
At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
"I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
"And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
 But and broad earldoms three,
 And he made her queen of the broader lands
 He held of his lute in fee.

EXPRESSION: Before reading the ballad aloud, read it silently and with much care, so as to understand the full meaning of each stanza.

Observe the following unusual words and their meanings:
fairings, presents from the fair.

boun, destined, going.

blithesome, cheery, beautiful.

aspen, a poplar tree the leaves of which are swayed by the slightest movement of the air.

hose and shoon, stockings and shoes.

truesome, truthful.

plight, pledge, promise.

quoth, said, answered.

heritage, that which comes to one by inheritance.

fee, estate, or lands held under a feudal lord on condition of rendering certain services to him or to the king.

but and = and also.

Read aloud each part of the poem, being careful to make every expression clearly understood by those who listen to you.

Which of the three daughters do you think was wisest? Read that passage in the poem which makes you think so.

Explain the meaning of each of these lines:

(1) *A music of seas far away.*

(2) *"And woe, but they cost me dear!"*

THE KETTLE AND THE CRICKET¹

The kettle began it.

Don't tell me what Mrs. Perrybingle said. I know better. The kettle began it, full five minutes by the



Dutch clock in the corner, before the cricket gave a chirp.

It seemed as if there was a kind of match between the kettle and the cricket. And this is what led to it and how it came about.

The kettle was set upon having its own way. It

¹ By Charles Dickens, a famous English writer (1812–1870).

wouldn't allow itself to be placed upon the top bar. It wouldn't hear of resting upon the knobs of coal.

It would lean forward with a drunken air and dribble, a very idiot of a kettle, on the hearth. It was quarrelsome and hissed and spluttered at the fire.

To sum all up, the lid turned topsy-turvy. It dived in sideways, down to the very bottom.

The hull of the *Royal George* never made half the effort against coming out of the water that the lid of the kettle did before Mrs. Perrybingle got it up again.

It looked sullen and pig-headed enough even then. It looked at Mrs. Perrybingle as if to say: "I won't let the water boil. Nothing shall make me."

But Mrs. Perrybingle dusted her chubby little hands against each other. She sat down before the kettle, laughing.

Meanwhile, the jolly blaze rose up and fell, flashing and gleaming. Now it was that the kettle began to spend the evening.

It threw off all crossness, and burst into a stream of song. It was a song so cozy and jolly that never nightingale yet had the least idea of it. So plain, too! Bless you, you might have known it like a book.

"It's a dark night," sang the kettle. "The fallen leaves are lying by the way. Above all is mist and darkness. Below all is mire and clay. There's hoar frost on the finger post. There's thaw upon the track. The ice isn't water and the water isn't free. And you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be. But he's coming, coming, coming —"

"And is here if you like," the cricket chimed in. It gave a *chirrup, chirrup, chirrup* of great size. If it had burst like an overcharged gun and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces, it would only have seemed natural.

The kettle had had the last of its solos. It kept on with the same ardor. But the cricket took first fiddle and kept it.

How it chirped! Its sharp, shrill voice sounded through the house. It seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a star.

Yet they went on very well together, the cricket and the kettle. It was like a race.

Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket a mile ahead.

Hum, hum, hum-m-m! Kettle making play like a great top.

Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket around the corner, fresher than ever.

Hum, hum, hum-m-m! Kettle slow and steady.

Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket going in to finish him.

Hum, hum, hum-m-m. Kettle not to be finished.

At last they got jumbled together in the hurry-scurry of the race. Whether the kettle chirped or the cricket hummed, or both chirped and hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to have told.

But of this there is no doubt. The kettle and the cricket sent each his fireside song of comfort into a ray of the candle. This shone out through the window, and a long way down the lane.

And this light, bursting on a certain person who came near it through the gloom, told the whole thing to him. It cried, "Welcome home, old fellow! Welcome home, my boy!"

EXPRESSION: Talk with your teacher about the punctuation marks in this selection. Tell how they help you in getting thought from the printed page.

Notice the various kinds of sentences. Select as many as you can of each kind, as:

- (1) A statement: *The kettle began it.*
- (2) A command: *Don't tell me what Mrs. Perrybingle said.*
- (3) A question: *Who began it?*
- (4) An exclamation: *Welcome home, old fellow!*

SELECTIONS TO BE MEMORIZED

[For other required selections to be memorized, see "The Ship of State," page 262; "The Wind and the Moon," page 297; and "The Blue Jay," page 332.]

I. HOME, SWEET HOME¹

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-
where.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call;—
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than
all!

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home.

From love so sweet, oh, who would roam?

Be it ever so homely, home is home.²

¹ By John Howard Payne.

² By Miss Mulock.

II. TO-DAY¹

So here hath been dawning
 Another blue day ;
 Think wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away ?

Out of Eternity
 This new day is born,
 Into Eternity,
 At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
 No eye ever did ;
 So soon it forever
 From all eyes is hid !

Here hath been dawning
 Another blue day ;
 Think wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away ?

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call to-day his own.²

By Thomas Carlyle.

² By John Dryden.

III. THE TREE¹

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown;
 "Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping
 down.

"No, leave them alone
 Till the blossoms have grown,"
 Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to
 crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung:
 "Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he
 swung.

"No, leave them alone
 Till the berries have grown,"
 Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the mid-summer glow:
 Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"

"Yes, all thou canst see:
 Take them; all are for thee,"
 Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs
 low.

¹ By Björnstjerne Björnson.

IV. ROBERT OF LINCOLN¹

Merrily swinging on brier and weed
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
 “Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
 Chee, chee, chee !”

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat ;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note :
 “Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
 Chee, chee, chee !”

Robert of Lincoln’s Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings :

¹ By William Cullen Bryant.

"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Brood, kind creature ; you need not **fear**
 Thieves and robbers while I am here.
 Chee, chee, chee !"

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
 One weak chirp is her only note ;
 Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
 Pouring boasts from his little throat :
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Never was I afraid of man,
 Catch me, you cowards, if you can !
 Chee, chee, chee !"

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
 Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !
 There as the mother sits all day,
 Robert is singing with all his might :
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Nice good wife that never goes out,
 Keeping house while I frolic about.
 Chee, chee, chee !"

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
 Six wide mouths are open for food ;
 Robert of Lincoln bestirs himself well,
 Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.

“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
 This new life is likely to be
 Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
 Chee, chee, chee !”

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
 Sober with work and silent with care,
 Off is his holiday garment laid,
 Half forgotten that merry air,
 “Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
 Nobody knows but my mate and I,
 Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
 Chee, chee, chee !”

Summer wanes, the children are grown ;
 Fun and frolic no more he knows,
 Robert of Lincoln’s a hum-drum crone ;
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes —
 “Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee !”

V. SONG OF THE BROOK¹

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddy bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow weed and mallow.

¹ By Alfred Tennyson.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows ;

I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

EXPRESSION: Read each of these poems aloud in such manner as to show that you understand it fully. Memorize it, and speak it so well that those who hear you will be pleased.

Which of the five poems do you like best ? Try to give good reasons for your preference. Talk with your teacher about the authors of the poems.

WORD STUDY

I. *Marks and Sounds*

Spell the following words by letter and by sound. Notice particularly the marks over or under some of the letters and also the sounds of those letters. The marks are called *diacritical marks*.

āte	ăt	äre	all	ask	fâre
ēve	ënd	hër	hēal	hēalth	hēard
īce	īll	gīrl	skȳ	hȳmn	icȳ
ōld	ōdd	fôm	wolf	sôn	dô
ūse	fūn	trūth	pūt	fūr	few

Marks are sometimes placed over or under certain letters to show what sounds they have. By observing these marks you will be helped to pronounce the words correctly.

Give six sounds of *a*. How many each of these sounds be indicated?

Give three sounds of *e* and make the marks by which they are indicated. Give three sounds of *i*; six sounds of *o*; five sounds of *u*; two sounds of *y*.

Spell the following words by sound. Notice the marks.

get	eap	vietim	sea	thin
gentle	çent	advīce	season	this

What two sounds has *g*? How is *g* sometimes marked to show that it has the sound of *j*?

What two sounds has *c*? How is *c* sometimes marked to show that it has the sound of *k*? of *s*?

What two sounds has *s*? How is *s* sometimes marked to show that it has the sound of *z*?

What two sounds has *th*? How is *th* sometimes marked to show that it is pronounced as in *this*?

Observe these words carefully:—

cap	far	fir	dog	cur
cape	fare	fire	dodge	cure

You will learn from this that while the letter *e* at the end of a word is often silent, it sometimes causes a change in the sound of one or more of the letters preceding it.

Marks are used in the following lists only in cases where they may be necessary to help you pronounce words that would otherwise be troublesome.

II. *Phonetic Exercises*

Pages 13–22. *st.*

stare	loveliest	stammered	thrust	crossed
steep	sweetest	standing	breast	tossed
steal	greatest	stroked	first	tasted
stolen	highest	stretched	burst	twisted

Pages 24–33. Spell by sound the words at the bottom of page 33. Notice the *ing* at the end of each word.

bl, cl, gl, pl, sl.

blunder	closet	climbed	pleasure	slanting
goblin	clump	glad	plenty	slowly

Pages 34–36. Divide the following words into syllables:—

carelessly joyfully politely foolishly

Think of ten other words that end in *ly*. Write them in a list, and practice pronouncing them.

Pages 45–50. Spell by sound the words at the bottom of page 50. Observe the sound of *ed* (1) in the words of the first group, (2) in the words of the second group.

Pages 51–56. Spell by sound:—

slept	wept	picked	slipped	jumped	looked
kept	licked	kicked	limped	reached	asked

Pages 66–70. Make a list of all the words in this lesson that end in *ed*. Pronounce the following words, observing the various sounds of *ea*:—

eagle	pleased	peace	instead	wealth	feared
read	reason	leave	pleasant	death	bearing

Pages 75-84. *pt, ft, lf.*

crept	dropped	left	soft	self	himself
swept	laughed	loft	elf	shelf	myself

Pages 85-87. *fr.*

friend	fright	frown	afraid	befriend
fresh	freight	frail	affright	confront

Pages 95-102. *-ion.*

action	opinion	expression	veneration
caution	vexation	inscription	congratulation

Pages 116-118. *er, ir, ur.*

heard	early	first	burst	determined	hurt
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Pages 119-122. *gg, tt, dd.*

raggles	ragged	rugged	shaggy	digging
cattle	battle	kettle	little	battling
saddle	paddle	meddle	middle	paddling

Pages 148-150. *s, z.*

sizz	sizzing	sizzle	buzz	ooze
size	seizing	dazzle	busy	oozing

Pages 158-167. *st, sts.*

ple, ble.

people	temple	apple	couple	simple
feeble	humble	dabble	double	thimble

Pages 204-215. (a) Observe the sounds of *c* and *g* :—

captain	circle	glitter	gentle
command	receive	eagle	general
curious	ocean	grind	engine
across	concealed	grand	generous

(b) Make a list of words containing the letters *igh*.

Pages 216-225. *b, p; d, t; j, ch.*

bear	pear	did	top	join	choice
baby	papa	Dicky	feet	jerk	church
bobbing	popping	nodded	trotted	ridge	reach

Pages 226-229. Pronounce with care:—

inquired	kissed	lifts	an ax
answered	pressed	lifted	an old friend
uttered	rested	oft	an idle boy
sheltered	confessed	often	the old tree
remembered	addressed	soften	an old oak

Pages 231-247. *f, v; w, wh; sh.*

fellow	value	wife	whiff	shook
after	every	were	where	shore
offer	over	wasted	whetted	foolish

Pages 259-274. (a) Notice especially the last syllable of each word. Spell by sound:

intent	notion	favorite	fatigue
absent	potion	opposite	confuse
diligent	action	exquisite	arrive

(b) *ph = f un (not) re (again)*

Philip	unable	unwieldy	repay
Philonicus	unbroken	unknown	repeat
Bucephalus	ungovernable	untold	restore

Pages 312-323. *v, ch, = k, pt, tt.*

violet	Arachne	swept	flutter
violent	echo	crept	twitter
velvet	echoing	except	bitterly

Pages 324-330. *sh, sc, ct, ster.*

slash	sacred	scolded	insect	songster
splash	scamper	scarlet	expect	monster
bush	scattered	scarcely	respect	minister

III. *General Review of Words*

[The following list includes the words in this book which you will be most likely to misspell or mispronounce. Study each word carefully, and spell it aloud, pronouncing each syllable correctly. Observe that diacritical marks are used only with such words or syllables as might sometimes be incorrectly pronounced. Most words are spelled and pronounced so simply as not to require their aid.]

Observe how the words in this list are arranged,—first all those beginning with *a*, then those beginning with *b*, etc. This is the way in which words are arranged in the dictionary. Such arrangement makes it easy to find any particular word. Talk further with your teacher about this.]

A			
ac'cī dent	bār'on	char'ac ter ized	dēbt
ac curs'ed	bash'ful ly	chip'munk	de cēt'it'
ac cus'tomed	be nev'o lent	cit'i zens	de clare'
ad vīse'	bēv'īeş	clev'er	del'i cate
af fair'	birch'es	cōl'līe	de şerve'
af fec'tion	blīthe	colonel (kûr'nel)	de spair'
a muse'ment	bōg'gart	cōl'umn	des'per ate
ăn'gri ly	bois'ter ous	cóm'fort ed	deş şert'
an'guish	bough	com plain'ing	dēs'ti ny
an ni vēr'sa ry	bril'liant	com plete'	de vīse'
anx i'e ty	bûr'den	con fer'	dī'a mond
ănx'ious	būs'tle	con grat u la'tion	dif'fi cult
ar range'ment	bus'y bod y	con'gress	dil'i gent
ar rayed'	C		dis ap point'
ār'row y	cab'in	con trōl'	dis ease'
as a fēt'ī da	cār'a van	coun'se lor.	dis guīse'
as tōn'ished	cār'dī nal	crim'son	dis şmal
awk'ward	cār'ol	cro'eus es	dis mayed'
	cau'tion	cur'tain	dī vīne'
	D		drēad'ful
B	cease'less	dān'ger ous	dūn'geon
band'age	chánt	dēaf'ened	dy'nas ty

E
 ēa'ger
 ēar'li er
 ēar'nest ly
 ed u ca'tion
 en'e my
 ēn'gīne
 er rā'ta
 es pē'čīal ly
 es teemed'
 ex cīt'ed
 ex cīte'ment
 ex claimed'
 ex cūr'sion
 ex cūse'
 ex pect'ed
 ex pē'ri ence
 ex plore'
 ex prēs'sion

F
 fair'ings
 faith'ful
 false
 fa mī'iar
 fa tīgue'
 fā'vor īte
 fer'tile
 ferule (fēr'ool)
 fīrm'ly
 fla min'go
 fon'dled
 fōr'ci bly
 fōre'hēad
 fōr'tune
 frag'ment
 freight (frāt)

fu'ri ous
 fur'ni tūre
G
 gā'bies
 gal'lant
 gauz'y
 ghōst'l'y
 gīld'ed
 gloss'y
 gnarled
 gōr'geous
 grace'ful
 griev'ous ly
 gro'cer y
 guārd
 guēst

H
 hał'ter
 hap'pi ly
 hār'ness
 hāst'ī l'y
 haugh'tī l'y
 hāunt
 hēalth
 hedge'row
 heīght
 hemp'en
 hēr'it age
 hōarse'l'y
 hol'i day
 home'stēad
 ho rī'zon
 hōr'ri fied
 hor'ror
 ho'sen
 hū'mor

I
 ī dē'a
 īm'āge
 īm pā'tient
 īm'pu dent
 īn clined'
 īn duce'
 īn scrip'tion
 īn stēad'
 īn'ter est ed
 īn'tri cate
 īn vīg'ī ble

K
 kēr'chief
 knīght
 knīt'ting
 knuck'les

L
 lam'en ta ble
 lēi'sure ly
 lev'el
 lī'lac
 love'li est
 loy'al ty

M
 mad'am
 māize
 man'ag e
 mār'ger
 mār'gīn
 mas'sa cre
 ma tē'ri al
 meaš'ure
 mem'o ry
 me nāg'er īe

mēre'ly
 mes'sage
 mil'dew
 mīn'a ret
 mīr'ror
 mis'chīe vous
 miš'er a ble
 miš'er ies
 mis treat'ed
 mōr'sel
 mosque(mōsk)
 muſ'fled
 mūr'mur
 mūs'qlēš

N
 neq'es sa ry
 neighed (nād)
 nouř'ish ment

O
 o ā'sis
 ob jēc'tion
 oc cā'sions
 o pīn'ion
 op por tū'ni ty
 op'po šite
 ôr'chard
 ôr'na ments
 out sprēad'

P
 pāl'açe
 palanquin
 (pal an keen')
 pas'sage
 pás'ture
 pēas'ant

pěr'fect ly	qual'i ties	sen'si ble	trans fôrmed'
per fume'	quiv'er ing	sěr'aph	trav'el er
pěr'ish	quoth	sěr'ious	trěaş'ure
pěr mīs'sion	R	se vĕre'	tun'nel
per plĕxed'	rā'di ant	shōul'der	twist'ed
per suāde'	rāp'id ly	shōv'el	twit'tered
pīt'i ful	reck'less	sin'ews	tŷr'an ny
plěaş'ure	reins (rānz)	sör'rel	ty'rant
plum'age	rel'a tives	sor'ry	U
po lice'man	re pĕat'ed	speech	un grate'ful
pöl'len	re pub'lic	splen'dor	un ti'dy
port fo'li o	rep u ta'tion	starved	up hōl'stered
poş şĕs'sion	re şĕm'ble	stĕad'fāst	V
pōul'try	reş o lū'tion	subtle (sūt'l)	va ca'tion
pre'cept	re spect'	suc ceed'	van'ished
prĕ'cious	rev'els	sud'den ly	van'quish
pred'e ces sor	rĭd'i cule	suf fi'cient	ven'ture
pre sĕg'ing	route (rōōt)	sŷr pri'se'	ves'tige
prin'ci pal	ru'by	swĕat	vex ā'tion
prig'on er	ru'e'ful	T	vĭ'cious
prĭth'ee	rue'ful lest	tear'ful	vĭne'yard
prob'a bly	ru'ins	ten'der ly	vĭ'o lence
prop'er ly	S	tĕr'rĭ ble	vĭş'ĭ ble
pro vok'ing	scārçe	this'tle	vōl'ume
pru'dent	scār'let	thrive	W
pump'kin	schoon'er	throne	wām'pum
pŷr'pōse	scōrched	thŷme	wāst'ed
Q	scōr'pi on	tim'id ly	wĕa'rĭ lŷ
quăg'mire	sea'port	tōr'ment	wrig'gling

IV. Names of Persons and Places

Ad'ams	Al ex an'der	Al'ice
Æsop (ĕ'sop)	Al ex an'dri a	Al lĕ'gra
Ah'med	Al'fred	A rach'ne

Ar'thur	Frank'lin	Mon dā'min
A the'ni an	Gal'i lee	No ko'mis
Ath'ens	Gold'i locks	Od'ys sey
Au stra'li a	Gre'ta	Or'vind
Bāb'ing ton	Gūb'ba	Pā'lōs
Bau'çis	Grey'fell	Pan do'ra
Beau'clere	Gri'pir	Pār'is
(bō'klārk)	Hā'med	Pēr'ry bin'gle
Ben'ning ton	Hās'san	Perth Am'boy
Bert'ie	Hes'per us	Phil a del'phi a
Bē'vis	Hī a wə'tha	Phī lē'mon
Blen'heim	I ā'goo	Phil'ip
Blon del'	Iṣ a bel'la	Phil o nī'eus
Bu ceph ā'li a	Jacquot (zhāk kō')	Po ca hon'tas
Bu ceph'a lus	Jef'fer son	Pow ha tăn'
Bur'ling ton	Jo sī'ah	Ra būn'ta
Cām'bridge	Ju'pī ter	Reynard (rā'nard)
Cām'den	Kas'par	Ru'fus
Ca na'ry	Ko'ran	Sant an'gel
Charlot (shār lō')	Lil'li an	Sev'ern
Chee'ver	Lou'is	Sieg'fried
Chi'na	Lyd'i a	Sil'ver mane
Chrīs'ten dom	Ma cau'lay	So'lon
Craw'ford	Maç'e don	Tel lus'
Crœ'sus	Man'de ville	Thes'sa ly
Çy'rus	Mar'it	Tip pe ra'ry
De foe'	Marlborough	Var'num
Del'a ware	(môl'brū)	Vīr'gil
Ed'gar	Mas sa chu'setts	Wād'ham
E gyp'tian	Ma to'ax	Wa-hun-son'a-cook
E liz'a beth	Māz a rīne'	West'more land
Ep i mē'theūs	Mer'cu ry	Wil hel mīne'
Eu gene'	Mil'dred	Xenophon
E ze'ki el	Min ne hā'hā	(zēn'o fon)
Fin'ni gan	Mis sis sip'pi	

